

# THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

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## NOTICE.

MEMOIRS OF THE LEARNED, LITERARY, AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.—It having been found impossible to compress the *Memoirs of the Royal Society* within a single supplement, it will be concluded in the next, which also will commence the *Memoir of the Royal Academy*.

## THE CRITIC.

### London Literary Journal.

## THE LITERARY WORLD :

## THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

EVERYBODY is now thinking and talking about Manchester, and of the marvels which will next week be displayed in that capital of industrious Lancashire, for the delight and instruction of the world. Everybody who can, of course will go and see for themselves; and for those who cannot we shall do our best to supply a full description. Judging by the accounts which have as yet appeared, the Exhibition of Art Treasures will be a notable event in the history of the Fine Arts, and will be a fact to be remembered to the eternal glory of Manchester. It is impossible to over-estimate the important prospects which this collecting together of the most beautiful objects in the very heart of our manufacturing districts opens up. What visions of improved taste, of experience reacting upon innate genius, does it not suggest! The Exhibition is to be opened on Tuesday by the Prince Consort in a manner worthy of the occasion; and, as we hope to be present, our readers will hear more about it in the next impression. We have written "is to be;" but at this moment the solemn knell tolls in our ears, telling of the death of her Grace of Gloucester. Prince Albert will not, therefore, open the Manchester Exhibition, very much to the disappointment of the citizens of Cottonopolis we doubt not.

Lancashire, too, has been doing some more good work in the laying the foundation-stone for the new Free Library and Museum, at Liverpool, the other day. This is, indeed, a very noble work, and in every way creditable to the public spirit of one man, if not to the inhabitants of the great seaport. The history of the foundation may be briefly told. When the late Lord DERBY died he bequeathed his valuable collections in natural history to form the nucleus of a museum for Liverpool. The condition annexed to the bequest was, that the inhabitants of the town should provide a building fit to contain the collection, and render it available for public instruction. This was at once acceded to; a voluntary association was formed by the Town Council, and it was resolved to add a free library to the Derby collection. By a judicious expenditure of 1300*l.* upwards of 10,000 volumes were purchased, as the nucleus of a library, which was augmented by gifts, amounting to some four or five thousand more, in the course of the year. From that time the Free Library has increased immensely, and the number of books is now so large that the catalogue alone fills three hundred pages. The library also includes a reading-room for the working-classes, which is well supplied with newspapers and periodical literature. In addition to the principal institution, two branch libraries were opened, so that, altogether, the operation of the Liverpool Free Library has been very extensive. So rapid, indeed, was the increase of the institution that, when, in 1853, Mr. SAMUEL HOLME, the Mayor of Liverpool for that year, took advantage of the centenary anniversary of ROSCOE's birthday to inaugurate the Free Library and Museum, he expressed a hope that the time might soon arrive when a building should be provided worthy of the great and useful institution which it then promised to become. The hope was soon responded to, for Mr. WILLIAM BROWN, one of the merchant-princes of Liverpool, very shortly afterwards, announced his intention of giving 6000*l.* to aid in the erection of an edifice more suitable for the accommodation of the library. So good an example could not remain long without bearing fruit. The Town Council voted 10,000*l.* in aid of Mr. BROWN's suggestion; but for all this, the people of Liverpool generally would not put their hands into their pockets. An estimate showed that the sum required was 30,000*l.* Possibly for the purpose of stimulating them to do something, Mr. BROWN now offered to double the amount of his subscription; so that, in point of fact, all that remained for the people of Liverpool to do was to furnish the balance of 8000*l.* As we hear of a great deal

of money in connection with that town, of town dues levied to the amount of hundreds of thousands of pounds, of gentlemen failing for quarters of a million, and of a degree of social luxury unknown in any other provincial town, it might naturally have been expected that this comparatively trifling amount would soon be raised. Not at all—not even that could be scraped together; and so Mr. BROWN had to step forward once more, and, with a generosity which cannot be too much admired, offered to build the edifice entirely at his own cost and hand it over to the corporation of Liverpool. Needless to say that the offer was accepted by the Town Council on behalf of the towns-people, and Mr. BROWN accordingly, upon the occasion which called forth these remarks, laid the first stone with his own hands. Although the general public of Liverpool had not any money for the business, they do not seem to have been very sparing of their words. Mr. BROWN has been "addressed" upon the subject by all manner of learned and scientific bodies, and has been eulogised as if he were the AUGUSTUS, the *Lorenzo di Medici* of Lancashire. We are told that: "All ranks and classes of the community have been emulous in their acknowledgement of the great benefaction about to be conferred upon the town by Mr. BROWN. The various learned and literary societies, of most of which he is member, have voted addresses to him in honour of the occasion; the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire taking the lead. Several ward meetings have also been held, and a similar course of proceeding has been adopted at these. The readers in the Library have also come conspicuously forward to express their gratitude, and declare their sentiments of admiration of the magnanimity displayed by Mr. BROWN." All this, we have no doubt, is very gratifying to noble-minded Mr. BROWN; but we cannot help thinking that 8000*l.* would have been a much more solid proof of their admiration. Still, however, it is not too late; and the people of Liverpool will yet have many opportunities of following Mr. BROWN's bright example, and of testifying the spirit of generosity which we believe to be implanted among them, though it may possibly have been dormant for a while. The Library and Museum will be built; but the present collections will, it is feared, be insufficient to fill the edifice. Let the merchants and general public of Liverpool quickly get together 10,000*l.* (it should be a very easy matter) for the purpose of enriching the museum and library, and then we shall admit that they have a perfect right to do—what they seemed a little too much inclined to do the other day—namely, take some of the credit due to Mr. BROWN's public spirit.

After the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition, the Great Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace is the event which now occupies the largest space in the public attention. It is now, we are happy to say, quite certain that this immense undertaking will be a success in a commercial sense; whether it will be so in a musical point of view remains to be seen, though we are disposed to be sanguine about that too. Everything is being done that can ensure success. The amateur singers, of whom a large portion of the chorus is to be composed, are now being subjected to constant training under the superintendence of Mr. COSTA; and at the last rehearsal the performance of the most difficult choruses in *Israel in Egypt* was pronounced by competent authorities to be perfectly successful. The result of the rehearsals has been hitherto so satisfactory that it has been resolved not to have any more until shortly before the Festival; when *The Messiah*, *Judas Maccabeus*, and *Israel in Egypt* will be performed on Friday, June 12th, upon which occasion the whole choral force will unite in Exeter Hall for one grand rehearsal. This rehearsal will be private, for the very simple reason that the chorus and instrumentalists will completely fill the hall. Among other facts connected with this interesting occasion, it may be mentioned that, until within a very short time, the inconvenience and expense of making copies for the different parts would have been a very great detriment to the prosperity of the undertaking; the recent invention of music-printing has tended, however, to reduce considerably both the trouble and the expence of multiplying copies. A plan of the accommodations now in process of completion has been forwarded to us, and everything apparently seems arranged with a view to the comfort of the visitors. Many of the blocks are

now entirely let for all the three days, and the demand is still on the increase. An interesting fact has been stated in connection with the affair, which affords the best possible proof of the prevalence of musical taste in this country, that "it is believed that the committee, if necessary, could obtain from 1500 or 2000 more voices from the metropolis alone." It should be remembered that it is not a crowd of mere pretenders who are referred to. Mr. COSTA tried over each candidate separately before sanctioning admission into the chorus.

Tuesday morning was a memorable one in the history of journalism, for upon it an attempt was made to dispose of no less than three "influential organs of public opinion"—and failed. The *Morning Herald*, the *Standard*, and the *St. James's Chronicle*, were offered up by public auction, at the mart of Messrs. CHRISTIE and MANSON, as property forming part of the estate of Mr. EDWARD BALDWIN, a bankrupt. A great number of gentlemen connected with various journals were present, besides a large attendance of speculators, capitalists, paper manufacturers, &c.; but the result was that no bid was made. The assignees very judiciously balked the expectation of those who attended upon the chance of picking up the property cheap, with a view to selling it again, by fixing a price by valuation, and then announcing that the slightest advance upon that would secure the property. This valuation was, it must be confessed, rather high, being a total of 20,451*l.* 3s. 6d. for the copyright, printing plant, and lease of offices. The auctioneer—after stating that this was the first instance of the public sale of newspaper property within his recollection, with the single exception of nineteen shares in the *Globe*, once sold by Mr. GEORGE RONINS; and after wasting his eloquence in an attempt to persuade capitalists to make a bid—was at length compelled to state that he had no alternative left but to withdraw the property, which was accordingly done.

Lecturing must surely be growing into one of the most popular as well as the most profitable professions of the day. Lords and Commons, popular authors, skilful correspondents, and journalists, are all abandoning the desk and the manifold writer for the rostrum. Lately we received an intimation that Mr. WILLIAM KIDD (hitherto known as of *Kidd's Journal*) had been making his *début* as a public lecturer, and no small sensation therein. Mr. KIDD has (as all his former readers know) not only a great knowledge, but a human appreciation, of the dumb creation; and his lectures are likely not only to amuse, but to instruct both young and old.

The following letter is written in such an excellent spirit, that, although we take it somewhat as a kindly scolding, we willingly give it insertion. Besides, we do feel that Mrs. STRUTT has a right to be heard:—

Sir,—After fifty years of literary life, it is not probable that I should be disturbed by the opinion of a reviewer, provided I believe that opinion to be written in the spirit of truth, and with the courtesy expected from a gentleman. I therefore do not mean to complain of your notice of my work, "The Feminine Soul;" but, with your leave, I wish to correct, or rather to point out to your observation, some mistakes you have fallen into with respect to the subject, of which you take a view so diametrically opposite to that which I intended to convey, that I am willing to imagine the pressure of occupation may have prevented you from more than a flying glance at a few of the pages.

From the very motto in the title-page—

For woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse: could we make her as the man,  
Sweet Love were slain

—to the last page in the book, I have endeavoured to show that, spiritually equal in the sight of God, intellectually less powerful than man, in the affections his superior, woman is evidently destined to hold the *second* place in human society—the second, not as an inferior one, but as best fitted for her organisation and mental attributes, and that in which she is most calculated to promote the happiness of those around her, and secure her own. How you, sir, can have drawn any other inference from my remarks at p. 70 on female government; at p. 80, on sciences, as pursued by women, including Mrs. Somerville herself; at p. 84, on female historians; at p. 104, on female parliaments; at p. 165, on female "emancipation;" at p. 167, on the actual position of women in the middle ranks of life; and at every succeeding page to the end of the volume, on their actual duties, I cannot conceive! . . . . I do not call it a complaint, because I do not consider your critique an ill-natured, though a mistaken one. I should have been glad to see a more favourable notice in your pages, because I like your journal (save when you

praise Napoleon, *not* the Great), as containing a variety of matter well arranged and well written.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

ELIZABETH STRUTT.

Another letter, penned in a very different spirit, we subjoin in the belief that it substantiates our original view:

Sir.—Amongst the few instances of undue severity with which THE CRITIC may justly be charged, none can excite more dissatisfaction than the so-called "brief statement" of the constitution, &c. of the Neophyte Writers' Society, published in your last number. All the questions asked by the apparently perplexed "L." in his first paragraph on the subject, can be answered by the very quotations from the prospectus which he himself gives, and by an ordinary appeal to common sense. "What is to become of these essays?" he asks. "Surely," we reply, "the directors may reasonably presume each member to have a complete right over his own composition, and, therefore, that he, rather than themselves, is the best judge of the ultimate fate of his articles." "Who are the writers?" continues "L." with a neglect of his own quotation which surprises us, since that quotation explicitly states that the essays are "produced by each member," while common sense (the existence of which the committee, as it seems, erroneously supposed) cannot fail to tell us "who the reviewers are," viz., those who read the essays, i.e. the members of the society. After some further equal "eccentricities" on the part of the censor, he proceeds to comment on rule 7, and there states his doubt whether the members of the society are not to place more than a 2d. stamp on the essays or on the month. A theoretical philosopher like "L." may be guilty of the latter; but practical men, like the directors of the society, consider the former alone feasible, and did not, therefore, imagine that information on this point would be necessary for their readers. Even supposing the correctness of "L." statements, we should expect that a professed supporter of literary efforts would look with a more partial eye on the endeavours of young men to acquire for themselves a wider extent of knowledge and more experience in that most neglected part of education, English composition—especially when they do this in spite of other numerous occupations, which some would make a sufficient pretext for discarding all intellectual employments whatsoever, but which only tend to develop still more the energies of such as compose this society. Its object is a noble one, and worthy of all praise; and we trust that the flippancy and invective which, with much sorrow, we now feel it our

duty to expose, will not give others of either sex an unfavourable impression of the Neophyte Writers' Society, or deter them from obtaining some of the benefits which it is calculated to produce. Trusting that, with your usual candour, you will not fail to insert this note, I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

H. DE LISLE.

If the writer of this letter and those who agree with him will take our advice, they will labour quietly and unobtrusively for their own improvement, but will not trouble the public about the matter. Perhaps, also, it may be of some use to aspiring writers to indicate to them a means of testing the value of their literary labour. We have before us the specimen number of a new publication called *The Half-Holiday*, in which it is announced that

MR. HALF-HOLIDAY will give for the best original humorous composition on the theme, "The Play-ground," which must not exceed three pages of his weekly journal, and must be written by young persons under twenty years,

THE PRIZE OF A THREE GUINEA GOLD MEDAL.

For the sake of strict impartiality, we request competitors to send their MSS. under an anonymous name, or a letter, or cypher, &c. Several well-known writers and linguists, whose names we shall publish afterwards, will be engaged to examine the MSS. An extra number will appear, containing the best translation, the best sketch, and a list of all MSS., with the examiners' opinions, e.g.:

Name, &c., under which the MSS. has been sent.	Subject.	Examiner's Opinion.
A. A.	Translation.	Middling, but wanting in ease.
Merry	Sketch.	Lively, but faulty in arrangement.

This plan we consider necessary to give the competitors an opportunity to ascertain if their MSS. has reached us or no, and what competent judges think of their productions.

Of course we cannot guarantee any of the members of the "Neophyte Writers' Society" will be fortunate enough to get the prize; but, at any rate, they will have the benefit of a candid opinion.

Among the promises of the coming month we notice some interesting items. Messrs. LONGMAN's list contains a collection of Sir JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL's "Essays from the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Review*;" "Barchester Towers," by Mr. ANTHONY TROLLOPE; "Vacations in Ireland," by Mr. C. R. WELD; "Memorials, Scientific and Literary, of ANDREW CROSSE, the Electrician," by his Widow; "Travels in the Free States of Central America, Nicaragua, Honduras, and San Salvador," by Dr. CARL SCHERZER; "The History of our Lord, and of His Precursor, St. John the Baptist, with the Personages and Typical Subjects of the Old Testament, as represented in Christian Art;" being the fourth series of "Sacred and Legendary Art," by Mrs. JAMESON; "Music the Voice of Harmony in all Creation," by MARY ANNE ESTCOURT; and a "History of France," by E. E. CROWE. Mr. MURRAY promises "The Missionary Journals of Dr. LIVINGSTON;" Lord CAMPBELL's "Lives of Lord Chief Justices Kenyon, Ellenborough, and Tenterden;" Lord DUFFERIN's "Arctic Islands;" "Romany Rye," by Mr. GEORGE BORROW; "The Cornwallis Papers;" "A Residence among the Chinese," by Mr. ROBERT FORTUNE; and a "Life of George Stephenson," the father of locomotive steam travelling. Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, and Co., have a new work by Mr. RUSKIN, entitled "The Elements of Drawing, in a Letter to Beginners;" "The Autography of Lootullah, a Native of India; with an Account of his Visit to England;" "The Professor," by CURRER BELL (the story which went the rounds of all the publishers in London, and was accepted by none); "A Visit to the Salt Lake," by W. CHANDLESS; and a humorous sketch of life in a Militia regiment, illustrated by JOHN LEECH, entitled "The Militiaman at Home and Abroad." Mr. BENTLEY will issue a tale called "Lily, or, the English Governess in Russia," by Mr. G. A. SALA; "Stones of the Valley," by the Rev. W. SYMONDS; "Pillauf from Stamboul," by Mrs. HORNBYS; and "China, Australia, and the Islands of the Pacific," by J. D. EWES, Esq. There should be some good reading here. L.

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### BIOGRAPHY.

*The Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti.* By JOHN S. HARFORD, F.R.S. 2 vols. London: Longman and Co.

This is a work by an artist, a scholar, and a gentleman; and every page of it shows that the author is not a mere elegant *dilettante* and amateur aspiring to the reputation of connoisseurship, but one who writes because he is full of a subject, and because he regards it as a labour and duty of love to give to the world what he has been thinking carefully and judiciously during many years. It is one of the proudest titles of English gentlemen to cosmopolitan reputation, that they are often seen to waive the indolent prerogatives of wealth and station, and descend into the lists of honourable competition, where, although wealth may give advantages, only merit can secure applause. Such a gentleman is Mr. Harford.

His hero is the central figure of an era, and therefore the prominent characters and incidents of that era are rightly grouped around him. To a certain extent the author's ground is pre-occupied by Roscoe; not to add by Flaxman, Reynolds, and Fuseli. But Mr. Harford has not only combined the history of the former with the biography of the latter, and so produced a very agreeable amalgamation, but has introduced matter and criticism which are wholly new, and which bear all the stamp of a scientific and highly-cultivated individuality. In this respect the work is at once valuable and defective. It will be valuable in the same way as all handbooks and guides are valuable, that is, to persons who have an opportunity of comparing the criticisms with the objects. But, unfortunately, these master-pieces of art are the treasures of foreign countries, and are accessible to few, comparatively. Therefore much of Mr. Harford's elegant dissertations on such matters as the Sistine Gallery and the immortal St. Peter's will be exposed

to the inevitable misfortunes of descriptive criticism; and thus the full appreciation of this book will be confined to a small and happy circle. For, although even a Murray's hand-book may be a very pleasant reminder of familiar scenes, it is not lively reading for the untravelled student:

*Signius irritant animos demissa per aurem,  
Quam que sunt oculis subiecta fidelibus.*

Hence, although there is much in Mr. Harford's book which will chain all students of art, there is also much in it which will be relegated to the realms of a shadowy aestheticism. But, even after this diminishing process, enough will remain to make this work a thoroughly valuable and standard contribution to literature, and especially to the history of art.

Michael Angelo—Mr. Harford adopts the English version of his true name, Michel Agnolo—was born in the diocese of Arezzo, in Tuscany, on the 6th of March 1474, in the Castle of Chiuri and Capriore, of which his father was podesta, or governor, for that year. When his year of office had expired the father returned to Florence, and put out his son to a stonemason's wife to nurse in the neighbourhood. "George," said Michael Angelo, long after, to his friend and biographer Vasari, "whatever of acrid my temper may have in it, I ascribe to the keen air of your hills of Arezzo: and as to my chisel and mallet, I conclude that my love for them was imbibed with my foster-mother's milk."

He was educated at Florence, but liked not books. From the first it was his delight to handle a pencil: and as the years sped on it became obvious to the family that this taste indicated an insurmountable passion. But it was long before his relations, who were noble, and therefore proud, could be brought to consent that the boy's taste should be allowed to fix the man's profession; and a contest arose between the son and the father, very much like that which Ovid has described as having arisen between himself

and his own father, on the young Roman's analogous taste for poetry.

*Sepe pater dixit: studium quid inutile tentas?  
Meonides nullas ipse reliquit opes.*

Rational logic failed as signally in the painter's as in the poet's case. Michael became the pupil of Ghirlandajo, and under him his proficiency was soon exhibited in sharing his master's labours in the production of the beautiful frescoes in the choir of Santa Maria Novella. Here he gave his first instance of genius or presumption. "Struck one day with the feeble drawing of a figure in a cartoon of Ghirlandajo's, which a pupil was copying, he seized the porte-crayon, and drew round it, with masterly precision, correct and vigorous outline, which, preserving the character of the original, invested it with new and appropriate energy." During his master's absence from Santa Maria on another occasion he made so graphic and correct a drawing of some of the principal artists employed upon the frescoes, together with the desks, the scaffolding, and the other implements of pictorial art which surrounded them, that Ghirlandajo, on his return, struck by its truth and vigour, could not repress the involuntary exclamation, "This youth already knows more of art than I do myself."

Shortly after he attracted the attention of Lorenzo de Medici, the all-powerful merchant prince of nominally republican Florence. Lorenzo had opened a gallery at Florence as a sort of academy of painting, and had requested Ghirlandajo to recommend him two of his pupils who were most worthy of the opportunities of profiting by this liberality. Michael Angelo was one selected, and he thus acquired Lorenzo's patronage. "He began to handle the chisel, and commenced his first work in marble by imitating a fine antique mask, the head of a faun, the mouth of which was almost effaced by the injuries of time. This feature he restored in his copy with great care and skill, imparting to it a comic smile, but

withal a complete set of teeth. The attention of Lorenzo, in one of his walks in the garden, was caught by this mask, and he much commended the young artist whom he found at work upon it; but added, in a good-humoured tone: 'How is that you have given your faun a complete set of teeth? Don't you know that such old fellows are sure to have lost some of them?' It seemed, says Condigi, a hundred years to the youth before Lorenzo took his leave, so anxious was he instantly to profit by what he felt to be a most just criticism. He lost no time in removing some of the teeth, and in forming the sockets which defined their places. His next anxiety was for the return of Lorenzo, who he hoped might deign again to notice his work, and to observe how carefully he had profited by his suggestion. In this hope he was not disappointed,—the wished-for visit took place; Lorenzo again viewed the mask, and was so charmed with the boy's docility and talent, that he inquired his name and age, and amused himself with relating to his friends all that had passed. But the consequences ended not here: the incident made so deep an impression on Lorenzo's generous heart, ever on the watch for encouraging youthful merit, that he soon after sent for Leonardo, whom he no less astonished than delighted, by proposing to take his son under his special patronage, and to bestow some place of emolument on himself. The father wanted words to express in due terms his grateful assent, and doubtless left the great man's presence with new and transmuted impressions of the dignity of art, and with the soothing reflection that, after all, the blood of the ancient Counts of Canossa would not, as he had feared, be tainted by flowing through the veins of the youthful sculptor."

There is a singular coincidence in history between the existence and patronage of genius. It would appear almost that without such patronage art would either not have existed or have perished untimely in its infancy. Without Augustus and Maecenas perhaps we should have never known Virgil and Horace. So without the Medici it may not, perhaps, be too fanciful an idea that Italian art would have never reached the perfection which it attained in the sixteenth century. Art there would certainly have existed without either Lorenzo or Leo; but without them there would have been wanting that stimulus which alone can call out the full capabilities of genius, and raise even mediocrity almost to its level. Genius cannot exist, or at least cannot act, without enthusiasm; and such enthusiasm cannot be long-lived without encouragement as well as patronage which are themselves enthusiastic.

Hence arises the peculiar debt which all subsequent ages have owed to the Medici. They were tyrants scarcely less arbitrary than the first Caesars; but, like the first Caesars—like, indeed, all able despots of all time—they concealed their empire under republican forms. The Medici rose to power on the ruins of that liberty which Florence had won for herself in the thirteenth century on the ruins of the old aristocracy; and, as plebeian magistrates of the city, had created a new and more powerful aristocracy, of which they were the undisputed chiefs. They ruled, like other uncontrolled princes, by means of a virtually absolute prerogative; and at times, and as often as was necessary to their supremacy, by means also of confiscation, banishment, and capital punishments. The Albizzi, who had long ruled Florence, but who were forced, in the early part of the fifteenth century, to succumb to the Medici, had fully experienced these terrors from the new dynasty of demagogues.

But the Medici half redeemed unmeasured ambition and tyranny by their munificent encouragement of art. Under such encouragement the powers of Michael Angelo expanded rapidly. He became one of an illustrious circle, whose members are still named with honour and admiration. In the palace of Lorenzo were to be found Politian, one of the most learned and most elegant of modern; Latinists Landini, Pico di Mirandola, Scala and his accomplished daughter Alessandra, Matteo Franco, Pulci, and others, who contributed powerfully to the dawning restoration of art and literature. In such society Michael Angelo found what his genius most required—refinement. Sublimity of conception and rapidity of execution were his natural gifts; but his faults were hastiness and incompleteness, and, although still apparent in many of his works, they are doubtless much less than they would have been had not the refining tone of Lorenzo's

critics taught him betimes that grandeur in the rough affords a very inadequate idea of sublimity and nature.

Michael Angelo did not neglect his brush; but the chisel was his favourite implement. He is described as wielding it with the strength and ardour of a Hercules; striking off at a blow huge blocks of marble, and combining impetuosity in a wonderful measure with accuracy of touch. But he was to be found during this part of his life nearly as often in a school of anatomy as in his workshop. He caught the principles of art at their source, and learned by degrees to know the situation and tensibility of every muscle in the human body, so that, whatever position of action or agony his figures represented, there you might trace the precise contortion of outline which marks living men in similar circumstances. It was also at this period of his life that he became deeply imbued with the doctrines of the Neo-Platonic philosophy, which, after springing up and enjoying a brief fashion in the schools of Alexandria in the third century, received a second birth in the schools of Florence in the sixteenth century. Its fantastic doctrines of elective affinities, transmigration of the soul, and ante-natal reminiscence, profoundly impressed the naturally mystic and awe-struck soul of Michael Angelo, and form the chief burden of his numerous sonnets, of which Mr. Harford gives some very elegant translations.

The death of Lorenzo in 1492, and the subsequent invasion of Italy by Charles VIII., caused some interruption to Michael Angelo's studies. Piero di Medici had succeeded his father, but his weak head and hand were found unequal to the position; and the approach of the French King was marked by the expulsion of the Medici and the temporary resuscitation of popular liberty. Michael Angelo retired to Bologna, where he was employed to complete the tomb of St. Dominic. In 1494 he returned to Florence, which he found in a high state of excitement, under the ministry of the celebrated Savonarola. Savonarola anticipated Luther, and was to Italy, at the close of the fifteenth century, what Luther was to Germany at the beginning of the sixteenth. As brilliant but less fortunate in his ministry than Luther, Savonarola, after proselytising, it is said, Lorenzo di Medici, received the honour of martyrdom from Alexander VI., the infamous parent of the infamous Cæsar Borgia and the perhaps not less infamous Lucrezia.

But Michael Angelo, although deeply interested in the religious revolution of his age, and although profoundly influenced by it in his course of art, took no part in its political phenomena, and confined himself, with one memorable exception, during the rest of his life, to his own proper province and studio. Under a succession of Popes, all widely differing in character, but agreeing in their national enthusiasm for the fine arts, Michael Angelo projected and executed year by year, and with marvellous rapidity, a succession of immortal works. The mausoleum of Julius II., the bronze statue of the same Pope, the Sistine ceiling, the façade of the church of San Lorenzo, were the herculean occupations and achievements of his life to the year 1527.

In that year the great sculptor was called out of his own peculiar empire of art to discharge the duties of a patriot, a soldier, and a general. Florence had expelled its merchant princes, the unworthy descendants of Lorenzo; and Michael, although ingratitude formed no part of his ardent character, and although, perhaps he did not love his patrons less, loved his own fair native country more. The Medici were in exile; but then, as now, German tyranny had chains ready forged for Italy. Charles V. had recently sacked Rome under the auspices of the renegade Bourbon, and Florence knew that her turn would be next. But the city resolved to make at least a temporary stand against the northern despot. The town was declared in a state of siege. Fortifications were commenced and levies raised. To Michael Angelo, by unanimous consent, was offered the dangerous honour and office of Commissary-General of the fortifications. He accepted it, and showed a capacity for strategy which, in after times, commanded the admiration and study of the celebrated Vauban. But treachery was at work, and Michael was the first to see and denounce it. Like most prophets of ill, his warnings were disregarded, and the sensitive artist threw up his post and retired from his ungrateful countrymen. He was soon prevailed upon to return, and he remained at his post until his predictions were fulfilled and treason

had done its work. Then he quitted the doomed and lost town, and left it to the merciless butcheries of the Imperialists, who were admitted into the town by the traitor whom Michael had vainly denounced. Forthwith the scaffolds streamed with the best and noblest Florentine blood. Alessandro de Medici, an illegitimate son of the Medici, was invested with autocratic power, and Florence ceased, even in name, to be numbered among free cities. Some little posthumous lustre was cast on the unfortunate state under Cosmo I., the successor of Alessandro; but the glory of the land had departed for ever.

Michael Angelo on this occasion had the honour of being excluded from the titular amnesty which was at length granted to Florence. But this bar was ultimately removed, and he passed to Rome, and devoted himself thenceforward to his own transcendent art. The sacristy of San Lorenzo and the tombs of the Medici occupied him from 1530 to 1532. On the accession of Paul III. he painted the "Last Judgment," and completed the mausoleum of Julius II., and the statue of Moses for the church of San Pietro-in-Vinculis. The "Dying Adonis" was also one of his noblest works at this era.

In his seventy-first year he undertook the decoration of the Pauline chapel with frescoes of the conversion of St. Paul and the crucifixion of St. Peter. These were the last productions of his pencil, at the age of seventy-five.

The crowning work of his life was the superintendence of the building of the incomparable St. Peter's. Commenced by Bramante and the hand of Julius II. (who laid the foundation-stone on the 18th of April 1506), it passed through the hands of Raphael d'Urbino, Peruzzi, San Gallo, Michael Angelo, Vignola, Ligorio, Porta, Fontana, and was only completed by Maderna in 1615, at a distance of 109 years from its origin. During this period, and under so many different architects, the plans were constantly varied; and many undesirable deviations especially were made from the ideas and scheme of Michael Angelo. The elongation of the nave destroyed the full central sublimity of the dome, and the elevation of the upper story hides half the beauty of that cupola which Michael Angelo would have displayed in its full extent and proportions. A gaudy façade superseded the grand portico which he had planned; and a meretricious outlay of ornament has taken the place of an ampler length and a more classical simplicity.

In his later days, and as he came down to the valley of the shadow of death, the great artist retained all his high faculties of soul; nor were his manual powers perceptibly lessened. He worked continually, not as much now with his chisel or his pencil, but with his mind and genius. He had always loved and always excelled in poetry, and the old man recovered in his decline much of that subjective faculty which is the peculiar pleasure and passion of youth, but the slightest pastime of practical manhood and maturity. In early and late life the world is little with us; and it is seen in the former case chiefly through the imagination, and in the latter through the memory. In middle life alone are superior minds in the present and of the present.

This fact coincides with the deontology of the great Peripatetic, who places *έποντα*, or speculative existence, as the fit extreme of life in its beginning and its end, and so intermediate between that practical life, *έποντα*, which rightly absorbs every citizen in the plenitude of his natural faculties. It is not wonderful then, nor is it perhaps any real sign of declining faculties, that, as Michael Angelo dashed constantly into the wild poetry of passion while his heart and hopes were young, and even broke into such strains in moments and hours of similar emotions during his meridian: so while the old man was mellowing towards the tomb, and the long vista of his life came up before his still sensitive essence, the old time should come over him, chastened and elevated by the approaching sight of that night in which none can work, and that darkness which none can fathom except through faith and hope. Accordingly, some very pleasing and thoroughly individualised poems belong to Michael Angelo's old age—poems in which he shows more of the deep inner sense of his favourite Dante, or of our Milton, than of the sportive fancy and imperturbable breadth of outward observation which are the singular characteristics of the old Greeks and such isolated moderns as Gôthe and Shakspere. Michael Angelo was no *caput mortuum*, even when he was

sinking to sleep with his fathers, in his ninetieth year, on the 17th of February 1563. He was a living and feeling man to the last. He was neither cut in alabaster, nor had he anything beyond the outward vesture of decay on his fervid, manly, and unexhausted spirit. His letters, even in his eighty-third year, show that his faculties were still at their height. Some of his criticisms at this age show how profoundly he had studied the principles of the two sister arts to which he had devoted his life. On being questioned on the affinity of sculpture and painting, he writes: "I should say that painting is considered to be more perfect in proportion as it approaches to the relief of sculpture, and that such relief becomes less effective in proportion as it approaches to painting. I therefore have been led to regard sculpture as the light of painting, and that between the one and the other there might be the sort of difference of relation that there is between the sun and moon. . . . I understand by sculpture, that which produces its effect by removing from the material world, be it what it may, the superfluous; and by painting the laying on what is necessary to produce the desired effect." What would Michael Angelo have said to the effects of the stereoscope, which gives painting the likeness of sculpture? It was at this period that he writes to his friend Vasari: "God wills, Vasari, that I should hold death at bay some time longer. You might with reason tell me that, being so old, it is a folly in me to be writing sonnets; but, since many say I am in my dotage, I may be excused for being childish"—and he includes a beautiful sonnet on the flight of Time and the approach of the fell serjeant Death. Four years later it was reported that at length dotage had overtaken him: and, as Sophocles refuted a similar charge against him in his ninetieth year by reading the *Edipus Coloneus*, which he had just completed, so Michael Angelo silenced his calumniators by producing a beautiful and highly-finished model of the cupola of St. Peter's, executed in many of its parts by his own hand. When at length he died, a slow and short fever, unaccompanied by pain, rounded his honoured and peaceful life. All Italy combined to adorn his funeral; and the first artists of the age sought eagerly the distinction of bearing a part of that bier whence the church of St. Croce at Florence received the coffin of her greatest artist into the soil of his native province.

The peculiar excellences and defects of Michael Angelo are well known. As a sculptor, he stands unrivalled in modern times; as a painter his position is more doubtful. Boldness, truthfulness, and anatomical precision are his; sublimity is stamped on every limb and every line. Something too of that acridity of his native air, which he admitted himself, shows itself to our mind in the reliefs of his art, and gives a roughness, an abruptness, and even a crudity, to the productions of his undoubtedly mighty genius. Hence we cannot altogether follow Mr. Harford in his elegant and, as biographer, natural criticisms on the supremacy of Michael Angelo as a painter. Grandeur has its own position as an apex of art; but whether it is its summit and ultimate end cannot be decided, except by a diligent inquiry into the most relative value of the sublime and the beautiful. In his own day, however, Michael Angelo's reputation stood certainly on his power as a sculptor; and the opinion of his contemporaries placed far above him the sweet, lovely, and faultless creations of his rival Raphael d'Urbino. As Michael loved and sought the sublime perhaps too exclusively, even so perhaps Raphael sought the beautiful as exclusively. To which shall the palm be awarded—to power or to grace? It would be as easy to say to which of the sexes shall it be awarded; to that which relies on the masculine attractions of strength, or to that which rules by the feminine enchantments of loveliness. Yet in art, and especially in the pending comparison, the decision is not quite so difficult. Strength and grace are not incompatible. On the contrary, they are strictly reconcilable and consistent. Now Michael Angelo, to our mind, shows precisely that deficiency of taste and refinement which have placed Rubens—a man in many respects like Michael Angelo—in a second or third rank as a painter. Both are strong, but both are also coarse; and even their strength shows a species of pretentious bravado and ostentation which bears something of the same relation to the sublime which the bully bears to the hero. There is a fume and a noise, or at least an un-

natural tension of the muscles and dilatation of the figure, which is rather a vulgarised representation and caricature than a simple and veracious portrait of nature. On the other hand, who can look on the sweet works of Raphael without recognising in them the grace of Antinous on the strength of Hercules? The fine and placid nature of the author shines even on the lineaments of his wakeful Madonnas and sleeping Christs. Severity had no place in Raphael's nature, as serenity had little in the active but feverish spirit of Michael Angelo. To the former nature was a lovely incarnation of the Christian God of Love: to the latter she was a stern impersonation of a terrible Jehovah. Raphael's was a higher school of art, even as it typified a more enlightened spirit of religion; and, as his mind was never moved by the severe internal struggles of Michael Angelo, so his taste was never diverted into that school which is misled by its own perverted intensity to mistake exaggeration for magnificence. Whole, healthy, and calm in themselves, Raphael's mind and eye wandered forth over the sunny landscapes and faces of his native land, and sought their models in the sleeping groups of the portico—the fair occupants of the cottage—the unstudied and spontaneous developments of human circumstances and human nature. The strict and somewhat wilful nature of Michael Angelo retired into itself, or plunged into the sombre forests where Dante learned his inspiration; and there, with Dante himself for a guide, Michael saw such forms as Ugolino—appalling or at least only horribly beautiful—hovering in an unseen and imaginary world, over the abyss of the inscrutable. Now, beauty is an intelligible idea, and, therefore, representable. Sublimity is in its nature unintelligible, and, therefore, unrepresentable. And if it is sought to represent it, it is ten to one that the product will be a distortion and a deformity—or, at best or at worst, an abstraction and an aberration. Minds happily gifted, or happily cultivated feel this truth, and therefore confine themselves within the limits of the natural and the attainable. Thus, young painters and young poets always aspire to paint or describe heroes and heroines, or gods and goddesses. Real genius and consummate art not only choose their prototypes exclusively from nature, but refuse to take any ideas as distinct from such models as their examples. Hence we view the school and art of Raphael as superior both in conception and result to that of Michael Angelo, because it is more natural and less presumptuous—it performs more and professes less. At the same time it must be remembered that Raphael himself thanked God that he had been born in the age of Buonarotti. And there can be no doubt that the grand example of the latter enabled the former to equal or surpass his teacher.

We must pause here, and have only to add a cordial recommendation of Mr. Harford's book to all lovers of art.

PHILO.

## GAVAZZI.

*Alessandro Gavazzi: a Biography.* By J. W. King, author of "Characters and Incidents," &c. London: J. W. King.

The subject of the present work is, unquestionably, one of the most remarkable men of the times. He came to England a fugitive and an exile, unknown and unknown. He dwelt in obscurity for nearly two years in the British metropolis, as is the wont of foreigners who arrive in the "great nation of London" without credentials in the shape of talismanic letters of introduction, it being the habit of society to take the converse view of the law, and to regard every man as a rogue until he proves himself to be an honest man. Out of this obscurity Gavazzi suddenly emerged, and astonished thousands by the splendour of his oratory, or rather by the beauty and appropriateness of his gesticulations and the mere music of his speech; for, as he spoke in the first instance in Italian, and as the majority of English audiences are not generally remarkable for their linguistic attainments, it is obvious that the great bulk of his hearers were quite in the dark as to what the orator was saying, and their curiosity was therefore obliged to rest satisfied with the accessories and concomitants of his orations—his imposing personal appearance, his picturesque habiliments, his magnificent voice, his splendid dramatic action, and the passion of earnestness that thrilled and tumultuated through his speech and flamed in his eye. All England rang with the fame of

this converted monk, who spake in a foreign tongue, and yet agitated thousands by the magic of his utterances. It was a novel sight to see men and women of all classes, from fashionable ladies and aristocrats, merchant princes and cotton lords, gentlemen of literary pretensions and gentlemen of no pretensions at all, actors still smacking of the "green-room," clerks fresh from the desk, large tradesmen and small tradesmen, landlords and farmers, and down, through every intermediate rank, to operatives, mechanics, and peasants, all thronging to hear this gifted stranger as he poured out his passionate declamations in the Italian tongue, bewailing the wrongs of Italy, and hurling fierce invectives and terrible denunciations against her imperial and papal despisers—scarcely a tithe of the motley audience understanding a syllable that was uttered, and yet every man and woman strangely moved, and trembling with sympathy for the wonderful teller of the unknown tale!

The *Daily News* was the means of calling attention to the claims of Gavazzi; and a gentleman, rejoicing in the literary cognomen of "Father Prout"—a contributor to several of the daily metropolitan journals, and himself also an emancipated priest—was the agent who effected this. For twelve months an English friend accompanied Gavazzi through the provinces, for the purpose of interpreting his orations to the English audiences, the general practice being for Gavazzi to speak half an hour, in Italian, his interpreter occupying another half-hour, and so on until the oration was delivered and translated.

This mode of procedure did not long satisfy Gavazzi. He determined to acquire a knowledge of our noble Saxon tongue himself; and set about the work at once, and earnestly. He was dissatisfied with his part of pantomimist, and resolved to speak to the people directly, and not through the language of another. But the task was difficult. This, however, was no hindrance. He surmounted all the customary difficulties, or, rather, demolished them one by one. All the help he had was a few first lessons from an English master. All the rest he grappled with single-handed. "But that perplexing singular for sheep. Surely, it must be—ship!" This, we are told, was a lesson for several days. In the course of a few months the Italian was abandoned, or only used occasionally; and the Italian Reformer addressed himself at once to the warm heart and hard head of the Saxon, in the tongue with which the latter was familiar. Gavazzi is now as complete a master of the English language as, perhaps, it is possible for a foreigner to become, writes it with as much apparent ease as any of our own *littérateurs*, and speaks it almost like a native.

Alessandro Gavazzi was born at Bologna, in the year 1809. He is the second of twenty children, and of good family. His paternal grandfather was President of the Supreme Court of Bologna, and was, we are informed, of such integrity, that the citizens inscribed upon his tomb *Homo Giusto*. His father was a judge and professor of law in the Bologna University, and one of the foremost advocates in the Roman states. At fifteen Gavazzi became, by his own choice, a monk of the Barnabite order; and at twenty he was appointed Professor of Rhetoric in Naples, and afterwards of *Belles Lettres* at Leghorn. He remained eight years in Piedmont, during which he preached almost through the entire country, but more especially at Alexandria, Asti, Vercelli, Genoa, and Turin.

So far all had gone on smoothly; Gavazzi was at this time a sincere Papist. Not a doubt had crossed his mind of the purity of the Church to which he belonged. He had not yet seen behind the painted mask; he had never perceived the cloven foot beneath the flowing robe. All her gorgeous ritual was to him symbolic of radiant mysteries. He was an enthusiast, and saw the heavenly in the earthly. All her magnificent music, her swinging censors, her illuminated altar-screens, her blazoned windows, her consummate pictures, statuary, and adornment, were the flowering of a plant that had its roots in divinest things. The very breath of prayer ascended through those loud organ lips; the wants and aspirations of the heart took tangible form, and were reproduced in unending variety and with consummate skill, from wall and window and ceiling. The pleadings of humanity besought and besieged high heaven with bended knees and folded hands, in a drapery the most exquisitely adapted to ravish the senses. The religious and the æsthetical elements were inextricably blended

together. What was good was also lovely; what was lovely was also good. The beauty of holiness was the beauty of form; and a material ladder of incense and music wound up sweetly into heaven. But all this was destined to pass away; and the first agents of his enlightenment were the Jesuits. They had bent their keen eyes upon him from the moment when their ears were assailed from every quarter with the dangerous eloquence of the fearless Barnabite. The most intolerant and domineering of all the Papal orders had no patience with the bold liberalism of a member of the order that is, of all others, the most tolerant and the most enlightened. Through the interference of La Margherita, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, a man of saturnine and gloomy habits, and one of the tools of the Jesuits, he was removed from Piedmont.

We are informed that he had just concluded a course of Sunday sermons in behalf of the new Asylum and Schools for Infants, and also for the Mendicant Hospital, when these charitable services were made the pretext, in the hands of the Ignatian Cabal, for getting him sent out of the kingdom. His expulsion from Piedmont, for merely using the preacher's chair for philanthropic advocacy, increased the love and admiration of the people among whom he had laboured, and for whom he had suffered.

His next station was Parma. Here he remained four years, frequently preaching ten times a day. And here also the change in his views became more strongly developed. The intolerant bigotry of Gregory XVI., together with the oppressions of Austria, fanned the flame of patriotism in his breast. Already he loved Italy, and hated her enemies. He began to long for that unity and independence which he has since so powerfully advocated. Neither the imperial robe nor the papal crown were sufficient recompense to Italy for the want of these. Liberty was not to be bartered for gauds. Italians were no barbarians to sell a kingdom for a bead. And yet he was thoroughly constitutional. He was not a leveler but a reformer. He yet acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope, and was unwilling to undertake any great enterprise without the Papal sanction and blessing. When in Parma, he was invited to preach for the novenary of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, in his native town, Bologna. He availed himself of this occasion to give expression to the new principles and feelings which were beginning to absorb his whole nature. He was no longer a mere Barnabite monk, receiving tradition for truth, and sworn only to unquestioning obedience to the word of his ecclesiastical superiors, but a sincere student of the history of his Church and the annals of his beloved country. These studies not only revealed to him the putrid and feculent corruptions of the Papal court, but also revealed to him the grandeur of his nation in that past when Italy was free from despotism. These glimpses of the past served to awaken hope for the future, when all the past should live over again, and sweep by in triumphant splendour into that great day which should yet dawn on Italy. Thenceforth Gavazzi no longer preached the "Immaculate Conception;" St. Januarius's blood was forgotten; winking virgins, coats of Treves, the bones, hair, teeth, and toenails of saints were flung aside for ever; and he felt his mission to be the preaching of the future glory, unity, and independence of his native land. This aroused the ire of Gregory, as might have been predicted, and the patriot was sent to nurse his patriotism in silence in one of the strictest convents of his own order at San Severino; not, however, until after he had been appointed Parmesan Government Chaplain-General to all the prisons, with extraordinary powers, where he preached daily, and contrived to infuse into his benumbed and besotted auditors some of the patriotic fire that warmed his own breast.

At San Severino he remained until the death of Gregory, when he was liberated. And now, with the election of Pius IX., opened a new and a bright chapter in the history of Italy and the life of the Italian Reformer. Pius was said to be a "liberal." All the abuses and petty tyrannies that had so long infested the Vatican would now be swept away. The great scheme of Gioberti, in reference to the "Primacy of Italy by a Pope," seemed just on the point of realisation. The hideous despotism that had so long flung its black shadow over the fair face of Italy was now to be annihilated. The people were drunk with enthusiasm; and foremost among the enthusiasts

was Gavazzi. He gave utterance to his admiration of the newly-elected Pope in a book of poetry, prose, and inscriptions, which he wrote and printed almost entirely with his own hand. The book was sumptuous in the extreme, being beautifully bound, and emblazoned with the Pontifical arms. Bearing a copy in his hand, he sought an interview with the brothers of Pius, was kindly received by them, and ultimately admitted to an interview with Pius himself. We all know how all this ended; how it was discovered that the "liberal" Pius was one of the greatest despots that ever ruled in Rome; and how the very man who was welcomed to the Eternal City with transports of joy was shortly afterwards driven out of it in the disguise of a huckster, and pursued by the execrations of the whole people.

Long before this, the patriots of Italy knew that the Pope's pretensions to liberality were hollow shams. At his very first interview, the Pope rudely forbade Gavazzi to repeat the word "Italy." And at the time when all Italy burned with indignation and revenge for the Austrian atrocities in Lombardy, and when Gavazzi, moved by the voice of all the students, ascended the pulpit of the University Church to preach a sermon commemorative of those who had fallen in defending their hearths and homes, the fearless orator was condemned to atone for this sin in the convent of the Polveriera.

Then followed in rapid succession the news of the French Revolution, the outbreak at Vienna, and the insurrection of Milan, where for several days the unarmed citizens withstood the cannon of 14,000 Austrians, and drove the latter from the town. The effect at Rome was instantaneous, electrical. Frenzy was in every heart and eye, and noble resolution upon every tongue. The liberation of Italy was to be no dream after all. Tyranny and oppression were already quailing, and more than half vanquished. The banner of freedom already waved in the winds, and the victor's chaplet would soon be on the brow of Italy. The people streamed by thousands to the Piazza del Popolo for the purpose of deliberating upon the plan of immediate action. Gavazzi was hoisted on the top of a coach. The fever was at its height; and he suggested the propriety of sending a deputation to Prince Aldobrandini Borghesi, to ascertain if he would support the crusade in behalf of the Lombards. The answer was favourable, and a meeting was appointed at three o'clock of the same day in the Coliseum. And there, in the presence of the grand past, fifty thousand hearts of the present beat high in hope of the grand future. Gavazzi addressed them, and won for himself the title of Peter the Hermit of Italy. The army departed on the 25th of the same month, and prior to its exit received the benediction of the Pope. Gavazzi, at a private interview with the Pontiff, was appointed Chief Military Chaplain, and invested with supreme authority. What became of this noble band of patriots is already matter of history and need not be noted here; but, marching with the troops, declining the invitation of the general officers to mess with them, and preaching to the men three times a day, is Gavazzi. Foremost also is he at Treviso and Cornuda, pouring into the men, with storms of eloquence his own passionate patriotism and invincible valour. And at the last scene of all, where the fight was the deadliest, and when victory sat on the banners of the brave Garibaldi ere they went down in blackness and blood, in his own Rome, attending the dying, administering consolation to the wounded, and inviting the unharmed to fresh deeds of valour, was the "monk with the Cross-cuirass." When all was over, and French bayonets brought back the recusant Pope, Gavazzi fled from Rome, being provided with a passport from Mr. Freeman, the American Minister. After some hindrances, the Italian Reformer landed on our hospitable shores, and has ever since laboured for Italy, though he is prohibited from labouring in Italy. In 1853, Gavazzi, having received many pressing invitations, visited America, and there the sensation created by his orations was astounding, and, as the newspapers informed us, they were the occasion of a riot at Quebec and Montreal.

And thus closes Gavazzi's life for the present. Whether or not an Italian career is yet before him—whether or not his long-cherished dream shall be realised, and Italy freed from "the seven plagues which now deface its beauty," under the names of Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, Sardinian Kingdom, Neapolitan Kingdom,

Grand Duchy of Tuscany, the Duchies of Parma and Modena, and the Roman States, "commonly called the States of the Church, or of the Pope, who is the cancer that gnaws the heart of Italy," and all shall be united under one sceptre, amenable to the same laws, with the banner of freedom and unity waving gladly over all, it is not for us to say; but certainly a life so heroic, so unselfish, so rapt and passionate, so full of self-devotion and self-sacrifice, is refreshing amid our hard utilitarianisms and mammon-worship, and may serve to awaken in the hearts of others than Italians a throb of kindred nobility, and aspirations that ask not for scenes of war and blood as the theatre of their operation and the condition of their existence.

We can cordially recommend the suggestive little work of Mr. King to the favourable attention of our readers.

BETA.

## RELIGION.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE Apocalypse has been so often made the textbook of fools—so many wild theories and speculations have been based upon its contents—that sober men will scarcely look upon any publication at all bearing upon it, for fear of finding the great battle of Armageddon fought over again, some new date fixed for the consummation of all things. Such extravagances are but too common. Fortunately, however, they do not occur in the following: *The Seven Voices of the Spirit: being the promises given by Christ through the Spirit to the Church Universal, extracted from the Apocalyptic Epistles, addressed to the Seven Churches in Asia; interpreted in a series of Sermons.* By the Rev. GEORGE EDWARD BIBER, LL.D. (London: Masters.) In this work the reader will find a very careful study of those portions of the book of Revelation, called the "Seven Voices of the Spirit," that were addressed to the Seven Churches; and which, Dr. Biber concludes, "had a further meaning, beyond their application to the Churches to which they were severally addressed—and that meaning a prophetic one." In this view he has been confirmed by a recently published work entitled "The Seven Ages of the Church as indicated in the Messages to the Seven Churches of Asia," by the Rev. Thomas Chamberlain. "By the ability," he says, "with which that writer has evolved the analogy between the different states of the seven Churches and the condition of the Church in the successive ages of her history, the treatment of that subject by any other pen is clearly superseded; and nothing therefore remains on that head for the author of the present volume, but gratefully to record the satisfaction which the perusal of that valuable exposition has afforded him, and, as an humble and respectful tribute to its merits, to place before the public the present discourses in the shape of a companion volume." We must add that in the performance of his task Dr. Biber has shown considerable learning, and that his work may be regarded as a really valuable contribution to the Hermeneutics of this part of Scripture.

There has also just appeared a pamphlet entitled *Has the Second Advent already taken place, or must we look for another?* By the Rev. P. S. DESPREZ, B.D. (London: Judd and Glass.)—Mr. Desprez must be a thorn in the side of the Millenarians. He has already published his belief that the prophecies contained in the "Apocalypse" have been fulfilled, and that "Babylon the Great" meant neither Rome Pagan nor Papal, but Jerusalem. In the present publication he labours to show that those texts in the New Testament, which refer to our Lord's second advent, all of them, without exception, point to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. "It need scarcely be said," he remarks, "that various periods have been fixed for the second coming of the Lord which have been found to be untrue. Mede laid down two epochs for this event in his own lifetime. Subsequent prophetic writers have fixed the dates of 1716, 1793, 1814, 1825, 1843, 1847, 1849, 1852. The falsification of these periods has not deterred modern prophets from attempting to fix another, and 1864 is now pronounced to be the season of the Lord's appearing. This will suffice to show that while the subject possesses a high degree of interest, many idle and distressing calculations have been made respecting it; and the question naturally arises, since so many good men have been so often and so grossly deceived, may they not have been looking for an event which has already received its accomplishment?" Mr. Desprez then proceeds to the examination of the several texts in which the second coming is alluded to. These he arranges under the following heads, viz.: "1. Texts which define with precision the time of the coming. 2. Texts which declare the particular object of the coming. 3. Texts which speak generally of the speediness of the coming." The conclusion at which he arrives, after an examination of these texts, we have already stated; but here it is in his own words:—"The

simple conclusion is, that our Lord and his Apostles were neither deceived themselves nor intended to deceive others; that they meant what they said; that the coming predicted in the Gospels, confirmed in the Epistles, and delineated in the Apocalypse, took place at the destruction of Jerusalem, and that no other coming is in any way alluded to in the Word of God." We cannot conclude without pointing attention to a valuable note in page 10, in which Mr. Desprez combats the commonly received notion, "that the Mosaic dispensation closed with the death of Christ." According to his opinion, it closed only "when, by the destruction of the only place in which the Jew could offer sacrifice, the observance of the Mosaic ritual was rendered impossible, and Christianity established to be from that time the universal religion of mankind." In page 19 there is a well-deserved sneer at "our modern millenarians; one moment ejaculating, 'The Lord is at hand,' and anon creating a millennium (?) of their own by a summer up the Rhine, a winter in Rome, and a season in Paris; protesting that every instant they expect the earth and all the works that are therein to be burnt up; and, ere the echo of their words has died away, purchasing a fair share of this combustible property at ninety-nine years' lease."

Mr. Macnaught, of Liverpool, whose work on "The Doctrine of Inspiration" has caused so much excitement, on account of its rationalistic tendency, finds an opponent in the Rev. Cecil Wray, author of the following:—*Revelation a Reality: a Common-sense Plea for the Inspiration and Infallibility of the Bible as the Rule of Faith. In two lectures preached in St. Martin's Church, Liverpool.* By CECIL WRAY, M.A. (London: Masters and Co.)—Mr. Wray endeavours to account for the prevailing scepticism and infidelity of the present day by referring them to a general unwillingness to submit to the authority of the Church. And this, he considers, is more especially the case with respect to the inspiration and infallibility of the Scriptures. He would, therefore, deal in a very summary way with the objections of Mr. Macnaught and others—as thus: "Who are you, who talk thus presumptuously of the Written Word, as if you were its witness and keeper? Have you made a recent discovery of the Bible as of another Book of Mormon, or did it fall into your hands alone from heaven, that you should set up a theory which ignores all the facts of ecclesiastical history? You sceptics admit that the volume which you vilify is really genuine and authentic; but how do you know this except upon the testimony of 'the Holy Church throughout the world.' The records of history are your sole authority, and these records put us in possession of facts with which your theories are utterly irreconcileable." To "tax him home," therefore, as Polonius says, is the method that Mr. Wray would advise in dealing with such an objector as he has named. Whether this be altogether the best way is, we think, a matter open to dispute.

The lovers of Gothic architecture, especially as applied to Christian churches, will find much to interest them in *The Symbolism of Churches and their Ornaments: a Lecture delivered at Almondsbury, on the Festival of St. Matthias, A.D. 1857.* By the Rev. WALTER A. GRAY, B.A. (London: Masters).—What is symbolism? and why did Mr. Coleridge call a Gothic cathedral "the prefabrication of the Christian religion?"—are questions more easily asked than briefly answered. Mr. Gray's lecture makes no pretensions to originality, but it shows him to be well acquainted with the subject upon which he writes—and indeed we know of no composition equally brief which explains so well as this does the nature of symbolic teaching. In stating this, however, we must by no means be understood as advocating Mr. Gray's views altogether. We don't much care for the two lights upon the altar, nor for the flowers and the evergreens; and we smile when he tells us that "The chancel is sometimes inclined to one side, which is doubtless symbolic of the inclination of our Saviour's head as he hung upon the cross!"

## EDUCATION.

*Natural Philosophy for Schools.* By DIONYSIUS LARDNER, D.C.L. London: Walton and Maberly. In the foremost rank of those who have by their publications done good service to the cause of education, stands Dr. Lardner. His popular treatises on scientific subjects have earned for him a high and world-wide reputation, and this present book will in our opinion maintain that reputation and extend his usefulness. As a text-book it seems to us to be admirable; the definitions and principles are clearly and briefly stated; experiments and illustrations are suggested, leaving it to the ingenuity and skill of the teacher to supply orally such explanations as may be necessary and desirable—thus avoiding the overloading (a too-common fault in class-books) the book with superfluous matter.

Some three hundred woodcuts illustrate the text, making the book to be, even in these days, a marvel of cheapness. To the teaching public we cordially recommend it.

## SCIENCE.

*A Manual of Electricity.* By HENRY M. NOAD, Ph.D., F.R.S. Part II. *Magnetism and the Electric Telegraph.* London: George Knight and Co. 1857.

This second part of Dr. Noad's work is devoted to magnetism. We had an opportunity, on a former occasion, of recommending the first part of this treatise to the attention of our readers.

The introductory chapter of this present volume is devoted to the history of that science which a few years since was but a name, and is now the twin force of one of our mightiest agents.

The attractive power of the loadstone (says our author)—a ferruginous mineral first discovered in the province of Magnesia, in Lydia—appears to have been known among the nations of the West in times of very remote antiquity, and its properties studied even during the dark ages; yet its directive power, and that of a needle touched or rubbed with it, was known exclusively to the Chinese. More than a thousand years before our era, at the obscurely known epoch of Codrus and the return of the Heraclides to the Peloponnesus, these people employed magnetic cars, on which the figure of a man, whose moveable outstretched arm pointed always to the south, guided them on their way across the vast grassy plains of Tartary; and, in the third century of our era, at least seven hundred years before the introduction of the compass in the European seas, Chinese vessels navigated the Indian Ocean with needles pointing to the south. A Neapolitan named Flavio Gioia, who lived in the thirteenth century, has been regarded by many as the inventor of the compass. Dr. Gilbert affirms that Paulus Venetus brought the compass from China to Italy in 1260; and Ludi Vestemannus asserts that about 1500 he saw a pilot in the East Indies direct his course by a magnetic needle like those now in use. The variation of the needle was discovered two hundred years before the time of Columbus; but the variation of the variation—that is, the fact that the variation was not a constant quantity, but varied in different latitudes—was first noticed by the discoverer of America.

Dr. Noad proceeds to trace the researches of Gilbert, Halley, and succeeding philosophers, down to the latest experimental investigations of Professors Faraday and Tyndal.

In chapter the sixteenth we come to a consideration of terrestrial magnetism. There are few more interesting questions at the present moment than those involved in this subject. The theory of "the conservation of force" in its application to gravitation, as brought forward by Faraday, must closely connect itself with the phenomena of the earth's magnetism. But without going into these more abstract views, which are rather the shadows of coming events than ascertained facts, our author carries us on through a clear, learned, and most happy sequence of collated evidence of the laws which regulate the theory and practice of this important science.

Very minute and careful explanations are given of the various instruments used in magnetic experiments, accompanied with numerous plates.

Several pages are devoted to the explanation of Ruhmkorff's induction coil, and the experiments which are elicited by this particular instrument, which at present are only curious and interesting, but may become of practical import.

The electric telegraph comes next in order, demanding the reader's attention. The history of this wonderful application of nature's most subtle agent is another instance that the seed-time and harvest even of a thought are not contemporaneous. We find, as early as 1747, Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, with other philosophers, making experiments which showed that the discharges from a Leyden jar could be sent through a distance of four miles without any appreciable loss of time. Some indistinct idea was then formed of applying this power to telegraphic communications. But still the theory remained in its infancy, and grew but slowly to practice. Steinheil, the German, arranged an electro-telegraphing apparatus, which was at work in 1837.

This telegraph (says Dr. Noad) was worked through twelve miles and three stations in the circuit; its invention was a great step, since it established the fact of the sufficiency of the earth to complete the circuit.

But to Mr. Wheatstone was reserved the honour of completing the process; to his ingenuity we are indebted for the accuracy of the results and the simplification of the means employed.

The volume before us gives a very full account of the different plans which have been proposed

and adopted for the purposes of electric-telegraphic communication. It gives also what will be new to many general readers—a simple and definite explanation of the scientific part of the arrangements. It is one thing to observe mechanical manipulation—it is another to understand how such and such known laws have been made applicable to the purpose. This portion of the work will not be the least acceptable part of these interesting volumes.

The two last chapters are devoted respectively to dia-magnetism and magnetic hypotheses. The latter gives a condensed and lucid summing-up of evidence in respect to the various theories held by differing philosophers. Here, again, the ancients had their views, though wild and vague.

Thales and Anaxagoras conceived that the magnet was possessed of an immaterial spirit, in obedience to which iron moved and was attracted; Cornelius Gemma said that invisible rays pass between the iron and the magnet; and Costeo de Jodi regarded iron as the natural food of the magnet.

In metaphysics, the advance has been but very small comparatively since the days of Plato and Aristotle; but when we come to contrast the profound investigations of a Faraday, we may reasonably pride ourselves upon the present position of physical science and its future prospects.

Eminently calculated for the diffusion of such knowledge are books which, like the one now under review, condense, systematise, and expound the facts which the discoveries of philosophy are continually heaping together.

Dr. Noad has fulfilled his task most admirably. He has given us exactly what we wanted—an accurate, comprehensive, and popularly written treatise on electricity and magnetism. The public have so well appreciated the first volume of this work, that the second part needs no further recommendation.

*First Lessons in Botany and Vegetable Physiology.* By ASA GRAY. New York: Putnam and Co. 1857.

A BETTER manual to put into the hands of a beginner in botany, who wishes to acquire something beyond a smattering of the science and to ground the knowledge to be acquired upon an acquaintance with the structural physiology of the vegetable kingdom, it would be impossible to imagine. The Author is Professor of Natural History in Harvard University, and is qualified for the task which he has undertaken by a thorough acquaintance with the subject which he treats. The explanations, which are as clear and as untechnical as possible, are rendered still more serviceable by the aid of more than three hundred and sixty well-executed wood engravings. There is also a very complete glossary of the scientific terms used in describing plants.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Russia after the War. The Narrative of a Visit to that Country in 1856.* By SELINA BUNBURY, Author of "Life in Sweden," &c. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

MISS BUNBURY has looked upon Russia with very different eyes from Mr. Sala, whose "Journey due North," in *Household Words*, was certainly the most ill-tempered, jaundice-hued, one-sided picture ever offered to the world as truth by a clever man, who, probably, was not unfair by design, but from temperament. This, indeed, has a great effect upon a traveller's manner of seeing things and telling them afterwards. A happy-minded tourist sees them in their most cheerful and pleasant aspect; a bilious and melancholy tourist contemplates their worst features. Neither is strictly truthful, for the truth would lie in the mean between them; but, inasmuch as perfect impartiality of eye and thought is rarely permitted to imperfect humanity, we should far prefer the bright hues in which Selina Bunbury dips her pencil to the dark gloomy shades in which Mr. Sala indulges his own melancholy moods.

Miss (or Mrs.?) Bunbury is an experienced traveller, especially in Northern Europe, and therefore she was peculiarly qualified to form a fair judgment of the condition of Russia, as compared with Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, with which only it is fair to make a comparison. Yet the fashion with certain writers has been to censure Russia, just emerging from barbarism, for not being in all respects as civilised as France with her three centuries and England with her one century of civilisation. The conclusions we should draw from Miss Bunbury's account, and

others sent home by "our correspondents" to the newspapers is, that Russia is now very much what we were a century ago. When so freely passing judgment on other countries, we are apt to forget how very recent is the growth of refinement among ourselves. If any reader doubts this, let him question his grandfather, if he has one, or any man old enough to be a grandfather, upon the manners and habits of his youth, and he will discover with surprise how modern is most of that upon which we pride ourselves.

Miss Bunbury's immediate object was to witness the coronation of the new Emperor, and probably to write the book before us. No preface tells her purpose, and no contents of the chapters indicate the route taken on the subjects treated of. The reader must peruse all of it to find any part specially desired. This is an inconvenience which we are surprised that so practised an author should have permitted. But the miscellaneous character of the narrative will perhaps best be exhibited by miscellaneous extracts, and there is no lack of choice, for every page presents something worth the taking. The style is very lively; the general tone of the work is truthful; and we hope that Miss Bunbury will continue to give to the world many such pleasant reminiscences of her summer tours.

English, French, and German governesses abound in Russia, many of them being persons of very low degree; nevertheless, their position is different from that of the same class at home.

#### FOREIGN GOVERNESSES IN RUSSIA.

These English nurses, who are placed over most Russian nurseries, are in fact what we call nursery governesses, and have usually the entire management of the children till they reach the age when boys receive a French tutor, or are sent to the public institute; or the girls are made over to a German, a French, and an English governess—all three nations generally supplying an instructor each to a young lady of Russia. The nurses, from whatever rank of life they are taken, dine at meals with the grandest company, and are present at all entertainments. They are generally treated with kindness, and sometimes live and die in the family they have entered, retained as friends or pensioners, and seeing the children's children of the little ones they had reared. During the late war there was a bitter feeling against all who were of British blood; it still exists, but it will pass. Russian ladies never charge themselves with the care and education of their children. If in St. Petersburg, they are fully occupied by pleasure and politics; if on their estates—a circumstance which, unless it be compulsory, rarely occurs for a long period at once—they have enough to do in other ways. In some houses the direction and control of women serfs, and the works in which they are employed, give a vast deal of occupation to the Barina. Moscow is the chief dépôt of foreign governesses or teachers; for frequently each department of fashionable education will have its own teacher in a family. An Englishwoman is never expected to instruct in anything but her own language. Here they all come to be drafted off to the interior; and to travel three thousand versts appears to these votaries of learning a mere trifle. The elderly women look back to their "golden years" with fond regret. Do you know why they were golden? for the best of all reasons—they were well paid. A thousand rubles silver (150L) a year, and no questions asked. At present an English governess will scarcely get more than the half of that; many of them do not get so much. Many an English maid-servant thirty years ago found herself transformed into a teacher of her native language, which she did not herself know how to speak. Scotchwomen are still abundant here as nursery-governesses, with their native accents as pure as when they left their humble sphere in the land of cakes to

Teach the young idea how to shoot

in the brains of little Russian nobles of the first degree, and to ride in a coach-and-four, and sit at table with the magnates of the land. We have been told many a curious tale by some of this female corps; and, if they were induced with the requisite power to write a book, I know not any position which might allow better opportunities for a good and amusing one than that which they fill.

Here is a portrait of

#### THE RUSSIAN MERCHANT.

The Russian merchant is still what Peter I. left him. He allowed merchants and peasants to wear long coats and beards; he only cropped the nobles; and so now the beard, which is becoming fashionable in England, is quite indicative of a want of caste in Russia. Peter the Great in all respects left the people where he found them; he silvered over the rough metal of his Boyars. At the present day the merchant's beard extends in proportion to his success in trade. When it becomes very bushy and spreads like a reversed fan at the extremity, you may see that the purse of the owner is heavy; a thin, scanty beard, like that of a half-starved goat, indicates a struggling business. I do not know that bankruptcy oc-

casions the total loss of this singular excrescence; but I am told that, when such an event takes place, the good man, shrugging his shoulders, says it was the will of God—bankruptcy was written against his name in the book of fate. So perhaps his beard acquiesces in the decree of destiny, and retains its fulness as he does his composure. One must not suppose that the word "merchant" so applied has any analogy to its signification in English; these kaftaned and bearded Russians are not of the order of merchant-princes of our modern Tyre: the word is applied more in the French sense—*marchand*; export and import are not connected with the name: they are traders, wholesale and retail, rather than merchants in our sense of that title. The exports of Russia are in foreign hands, English, Dutch, and German, at St. Petersburg; and at Odessa, for the south, there are Italians, Greeks, Jews, Turks, &c. & c. The Russian merchant has little traffic with Europe; his commerce is almost wholly native or Asiatic. Those chief articles of export, such as tallow, hides, corn, hemp, timber, &c., the native merchant purchases in the interior from the estates of the nobles, or from the peasants; these are brought to the ports and sold to the wholesale dealers, who sell them again to the exporters. Thus, the export and import trade not being carried on by the natives, there is but little appearance of merchant shipping, and almost all the vessels that enter and leave the ports are foreign ones; America of late has begun an active commerce with St. Petersburg.

Take, as companion pictures,

#### THE MERCHANT'S WIFE.

Formerly the merchant's wife wore only a silk handkerchief wound tight round the head, and no bonnet; now you see a few only with this head-dress; they are old women. The young wear bonnets, and large long mantles of a singular combination of flaming colours, and often of extraordinary rich materials, embroidered velvets and silks, which leave the rainbow far outdone in variety and brightness. It is delightful to see them; for, however flagrant the taste, it is a distinctive one and keeps up the traditions of a class. You see in this gorgeous and heavy toilette the descendants of an eastern race. A red velvet mantle, lined with blue and heavy with embroidery, and worn over a fine sarafan, envelopes a form which, if the wealth of the merchant's wife is to be decided by that love of expansion which applies to her husband's beard, must be that of the partner of a rich capitalist; while on a younger one there is a light blue mantle over a green, pink, or red silk dress.

#### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

The marriage of a merchant's daughter is still worth seeing. Its preliminary ceremonial reminds me of Jephthah's daughter bemoaning herself with her fellows: it is also observed by the peasants. On the day before the bridal all her young friends collect and attend her to the bath. Such a troop may often be seen in the streets of Moscow; for, as no wedding can take place during any of the numerous fasts, it naturally happens that at particular times they are numerous. Having led her to the bath, they form a ring and dance round her, singing a mournful or rather pathetic song, some words of which alone I can recollect. Formerly they used to cut off her hair and bewail her fate in a more decided manner; but the wail at her leaving the sisterhood is touching enough. A young friend of ours, when about to marry a foreigner was positively forbidden by him to go through this ceremony, and she told us he declared he would not have her if she did so.

"And did you not go to the bath?" we said.

"Yes, that I was obliged to do, or all the young girls of my acquaintance would have been scandalised."

"Then he did marry you, notwithstanding?"

"Yes, because he did not know it. I told the girls to wait for me at the end of the street, and I slipped away and joined them when he did not know; and they bathed me and danced round me and sung;" and here she sang so sweetly a pathetic air, and closed it with a deep, deep sigh.

Miss Bunbury confirms the opinion generally entertained, that the obvious policy of Russia is to improve her existing territory, and not to extend it.

#### THE TRUE POLICY OF RUSSIA.

It is in White Russia, or in Little Russia, that the peasant will be found in the lowest and hardest case. The necessities caused by an unproductive soil are not ameliorated by the new resources which the activity of modern times has introduced into Great Russia; and there you will see the true English type of the Russian serf. Even there the course of some years will bring a mighty change. Now, in Southern Russia, the corn rots on the ground, while afar off Russians are starving for want of food. There are no means of transport; and it is shipped off to England more easily than it can be carried into the interior. Railroads will change this state of things; and if, only prepared to act on the defensive, the new Tsar will renounce the old idea of extending further an empire already too extensive for his government, and occupy himself and his people in developing the resources of that he already owns, how great a work

he may effect! The south is the granary of Russia; and if its stores could be easily transported, scarcity, at least famine, might be unknown among a people so farinaceous and vegetarian as the Russians. With plenty of bread, cabbage, soup, and some things dipped in oil of which I know not the name, a peasant will not ever think of wanting meat; and thus they are generally as well fed in that national way of their own, which is most congenial to them, as are the peasants of most lands.

Superstition is as rife in Russia as in England.

#### SUPERSTITIONS.

The priest who exorcises the child at baptism hangs round its neck the baptismal cross, to which men and women apply in all cases of spiritual fear. The constant and quickest remedy against all evil omens is to spit behind one. Our maid spilt the salt she was bringing into the room; she took some of it up, spat behind her, and threw it three times over her shoulder, repeating some words, and crossing herself with the other hand. In the same house with us lodged a young princess, with her still younger princess, an infant of three months' old, who in that short time had changed her nurse three times. She had, besides what we call a wet-nurse, an under-nurse and a head-nurse. The day the third successive nurse came the infant cried incessantly; indeed, such was her ordinary habit. The new nurse, however, discovered that the child was bewitched; it cried whenever the stranger took it, so it was clear the nurse who had left it had bewitched the little princess. The three women undertook its exorcism; they cut a bit of its hair, burned it over a pan of charcoal, and sprinkled the ashes in each corner of the room, repeating the proper form of words. The child ceased to cry, and the exorcism was complete—at least till it began to cry again, which for my part I thought was rather too soon.

Here is a capital story told to Miss Bunbury by a French governess.

#### AN APT PUPIL.

"I was not more than nineteen," said a young Frenchwoman to me the other day, "when I took my first situation. My pupil was fifteen; she was a princess, and rich also; her parents were dead, and she lived with her grandfather and two aunts, who wished to direct her education. One of these ladies was an old maid, the other a widow. The old maid came to me each morning and said:

"Sophia Androvna, I wish that my niece should be kept in a state of perfect innocence, I mean in ignorance of all that would injure her innocence. I beg of you never to let her hear of love or of marriage, or of anything that is evil. If you read with her, look over the page first, lest there should be something there that might give her a notion injurious to that pure and childlike state in which I wish her to remain."

"The widow then came in, and said to me, "Sophia Androvna, I find that my sister is quite mistaken in her views of the education of a young girl. This child will one day learn for herself what is in the world; and it is much better that you let her know it in time, so that she shall not be taken by surprise. If she live in this state of supreme ignorance, which my sister calls innocence, she will be unable to take her proper place in life and in the world."

"I was thus, you may think, a little embarrassed between the aunts, one of whom advocated ignorance and the other knowledge. The young princess remained wholly with me, and we drove out every day in the carriage appropriated to us. The prince gave us a grand Tartar for a coachman; he liked him to be dressed in the Moscow style, and to wear a red embroidered tunic or shirt, which is worn you know over the trousers, so that I call it tunic, plaited in a most wonderful manner; and then a kaftan of most beautifully fine green cloth, bordered with velvet, and a red and gold sash. You may think how fine we were, driving out every day, particularly as our coachman was a splendidly fine fellow, with eyes so black—so black as would terrify you to look into.

"Thus I should have found my place agreeable enough, if the old aunts had not been so anxious; one that the girl should not learn that such things as love and marriage were in the world (but I thought to myself, How then will she understand that she is one day to be a mother, and should prepare for a mother's duties?)—and the other that she should be put in the train for learning all that young girls need never know about, and which I began to suspect I was ignorant of myself. My pupil was very rapid in her movements; she was excited, what you call fidgety; and she always put on her bonnet quickly, and was in the hall before me, when we should go out. One day we walked in the garden, and she asked me if she might run to the yard and leave her bonnet in the carriage, it tired her head. I said, 'No; hang your bonnet on a tree.'

"Then it will be spoiled," she answered; "the wind will blow it."

"Give it to me then; I will carry it."

"But I cannot think of troubling you to do," she replied.

"Helena, Helena," I cried, "what has put a whim so absurd in your head? to lay your bonnet in the carriage!"

"If it cannot go in the carriage it can stay on my head," was her answer.

"She was also always in the hall before me when we should go in the carriage; I reproved her for this, and said she must wait till I too came down.

"You love to thwart me; you, also, like my destiny, are against me," she cried.

"My princess," I said, for I called her princess when I was displeased—"my princess, you have the delirium. What is this you say?"

"Princess!" she said; "do not call me princess; I will not be princess. Oh! why was I born a princess?" She dropt on a sofa, and, wringing her hands, burst into tears.

"Calm yourself, calm yourself," I said, approaching her tenderly; "poor child, you have the delirium; I will call for the doctor."

"I have no delirium," she cried in a passionate way, "none. I do hate being a princess; I do wish I was not a princess. Oh! why was it not my fate to be a free peasant maid? That I should wish to be, for then I could marry this dear coachman!"

The narrative of the governess came abruptly to an end, and I must leave it as unfinished as she did.

The scene of the coronation is most graphically described; but that is already familiar to the reader, so we will close the book with a hearty commendation of it.

*Kansas; or, Squatter Life and Border Warfare in the Far West.* By THOMAS H. GLADSTONE. London: Routledge.

This is a collection of the letters which appeared in the *Times* about twelve months ago, and which deservedly attracted so much attention. It is a remarkable picture of an extraordinary state of society. All who did not read those letters, or who read only a part of them, should procure this inexpensive little volume, and peruse it at leisure. It is as interesting as any romance.

## FICTION.

### THE NEW NOVELS.

*The Roua Pass; or, Englishmen in the Highlands.* By ERICK MACKENZIE. 3 vols. London: Smith, Eld. & Co.

*Alcazar; or, The Dark Ages: a Novel.* By J. RICHARD BESTE, Esq., Author of "The Wabash," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

*The Fortunes of Glencore.* By CHARLES LEVER. 3 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

For a long time we have been looking anxiously for a change in the fashion of our novels. The dull and dreary domestic tale is pretty well worn out: each one that appears is more tedious than its predecessor; every new copy is fainter, feebler and less true than its original; it exaggerates the blemishes, and fails to preserve the excellencies. Reviewers have been long heartily sick of the whole race, and readers are beginning to be so.

For there is a fashion in fiction. Once, the romantic school, of which Mrs. Radcliffe was the type, was in favour; this declined into the Minerva Press School; then came Scott, with his multitude of imitators; then the Bulwer and Disraeli school of sentimental philosophy; then the fashionable, or silver-fork school; then the domestic school, which lingers still, no new one having as yet appeared to supersede it.

Perhaps the three novels named above are indications of the change which cannot be far off. They come from three different publishers, and, although neither can be said to have taken a new path, all have sedulously avoided that which has been trodden out.

There is another noteworthy fact—that three new novels in one week are from the pens of men. Lately it seemed as if novel-writing was about to be confined altogether to the ladies. Four-fifths of the fictions of the last three years have been the productions of ladies, and of very young ladies, whose knowledge of the world and of human nature must have been very limited indeed. Hence, perhaps, the inanity of modern fiction. A novel is designed to be a drama of life, exhibiting men and women in circumstances which it is the privilege of the writer to construct according to his own taste. But how could this be done by young ladies just escaped from the nursery, whose only knowledge of life could be that gleaned from other novelists? This, in truth, was the inspiration of the greater portion of the novels, and hence their intolerable rapidity. They were the shadows of a shade.

Therefore do we heartily welcome to the ranks of fiction the three gentlemen who have published novels during the last week. It is, we hope, a sign that the field is not to be wholly abandoned

to incompetency and ignorance of that which the novelist needs most to know—human life and character. Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Beste, and Mr. Lever appear to have contemplated some such vindication of the rightful claims of novel-writing, for they have placed their names upon their title-pages, instead of following the foolish fashion of an anonymous which substitutes a proclamation of authorship by the tongue for that by the press. Of the three there is but one well known name, Charles Lever, and he has already won a reputation. Mr. Beste is only rising to fame; we can scarcely be said to have yet established it. Mr. Mackenzie is a stranger to us, and this, we presume, is his first appearance. Of him, then, first.

The *Roua Pass* is a work of very great promise, the most promising, indeed, which has come under our notice for many months. It is beautifully written; the composition is singularly chaste, graceful, and polished. It is the composition of an accomplished mind and a highly cultivated taste. The author loves nature devoutly, and describes her vividly. His pictures of the Highlands are most graphic. He says that he has "visited every hill and glen, each loch and stream;" and he has not only brought away the brightest memories of them, but he has the faculty of reproducing them as brightly in his pages. It is, as its name indicates, a Highland story, designed to exhibit the Highlanders, not precisely as they are, but as they were a generation back, and as they never will be seen again. But even the Highlander of that time is not the same semi-savage personage he was depicted by Scott. Rob Roy is not found here, but a hardy thrifty race, not favoured by fortune, struggling with a barren soil, and enduring difficulties which Englishmen cannot understand, because they have never felt them.

The romance which the novelist has constructed, and the scene of which is in the Highlands for the most part, and in the *Roua Pass* for the catastrophe, is ingenious and interesting. The story never flags. We follow with an ever-growing regard the fortunes of Glenborough and his three daughters, whose names, by the bye, have an outlandish aspect, not quite adapted to Scotland. But these and the story let the reader explore for himself. He will thank us for introducing him to a pleasant book.

Mr. Beste's first appearance was as the narrator of a remarkable tour into the backwoods of Canada. His "Modern Society in Rome" was a fiction, with a great deal of fact in it; very clever, but with the fault of too much partisanship. In this new fiction, *Alcazar*, he has put aside the present and thrown himself entirely into the past, with an earnestness that of itself gives promise of success. It is a pure historical romance, the scene laid in Italy and Sicily. Mr. Beste appears to have prepared himself laboriously for his task, by reading up for the scenery, dresses, and decorations; though it is probable that with the first of these he has made a personal acquaintance. We do not profess to be sufficiently acquainted with Italian life at the early epoch of which he treats to be enabled to say if he has rightly described the manners, customs, costumes, and characters of the people; we can only say that they have an aspect reality. The reader feels that there is probability, because there is consistency. Besides, Mr. Beste does not fall into the fault of making the people of a past age think the thoughts of our own time. They are veritable antiques in idea as well as in aspect. For our own part, we confess to a weakness in favour of a good historical romance. It is always pleasant reading, and it is often profitable, for if the author is reasonably conscientious in procuring his materials from authentic sources and using them honestly, a better notion of the living world of any epoch is obtained from a well-written romance than from the dry bones of a formal history. Mr. Beste appears to have so written *Alcazar*, and therefore we commend it to all readers, old and young. They will certainly find much pleasure in it, and not a little information.

Of the *Fortunes of Glencore* it will be necessary to say no more than that it is by Lever, to ensure for it a universal welcome. But we are bound in critical honesty to remark, that it is by no means equal to his earlier works. Indeed, had not his name been upon the title-page, we should not have traced in it the bright, sparkling, witty pen of the author of "Harry Lorrequer." It seems to have been written as a task, and not as the outpouring of a full mind. If we rightly

remember, it did appear periodically in one of the magazines, and that perhaps may account for the halting so apparent here and there. The fault we find with it is that it is common-place. The characters are the familiar ones of the circulating library. The story has nothing original about it. The plot is transparent from the beginning. We miss the exuberant good spirits which gave such a charm to Lever's earlier novels. It is indeed rather heavy than otherwise. We do not mean to say that, as compared with the crowd of novels of the season, it is unworthy; but that is not the way in which an author of such high repute as Mr. Lever must be judged. He has himself supplied a standard for his own meting, and it is by that standard that he must be pronounced as wanting. We fear much that the periodical publication of a novel is inimical to its success. The author is tempted to write it as it is published, by portions; he is content to supply the requirements of the printer, and nothing more. But a fiction cannot thus be written with impunity. It should be struck off while the blood is up, when the brain is teeming with it. If the steam falls, and is to be got up again at every pause, the effect will be plainly visible in the composition, which will drag where the author was labouring onward, just as it will flow on and carry the reader smoothly with it where it was floating upon the stream of fancy. Whatever the cause, the fact is certain, that this novel is very far inferior to either of the author's earlier productions. But withal it will reward perusal, for it is better than the best of many other novelists who are favourites at the libraries.

*Dark and Fair.* By Sir CHARLES ROCKINGHAM, Author of "Rockingham." London: Hurst and Blackett.

THOUGH the subject has been said and sung and written of in a thousand different shapes, and upon countless occasions, a glimpse in any form of the interior of an English household never comes amiss. The nobleman who is pleased to hide his identity behind the sobriquet of Sir Charles Rockingham has here taken the household of a bachelor, and has minutely analysed the transition state through which both it and its master pass beneath the dominion of Hymen. At the beginning of the first volume all is coldness and gloom; at the end of the third you have plenty of warmth and vivacity. Our old friend Rockingham is rousing down at Rockingham Hall, and is hard put to it to kill time in his solitude. What a godsend is the proposed visit of his cousin, Lady Edward Dieaway and her daughter, the raven-haired and black-eyed Lavinia. But the gloom of Rockingham Hall is infectious. Lady Edward is somewhat given to scolding her daughter, and the pretty Vinny is not well pleased at being separated from her dearly-beloved bosom friend, Lady Camilla Dareall, alias Cammy. So what more natural than that Cammy should be invited to Rockingham; or that she should not only accept, but should bring with her her dandy of a cousin, Lord Walter Dauntless, who is supposed to be as desperately in love with Vinny as his feeble nature will admit him to be. Cammy is a fair-haired, blue-eyed beauty, and it is the contrast between her and Vinny which gives the title to the book. And so, when the *dramatis personae* have all been brought upon the stage, the plot proceeds. The wild untameable spirit of the merry Cammy, the gentle and more loveable Vinny; the gravity of the great Rockingham himself, the good-natured weakness of Lord Walter, are played off against each other with very considerable skill. Though the story is not much encumbered with incident, the dialogue is brisk and sparkling; and when the *dénouement* comes about with a marriage between Rockingham and Vinny poor Lord Walter is obliged to console himself by accepting a tyrant in the shape of the sparkling Cammy, one feels as at the theatre, when the curtain has fallen upon a comedy in which there is not much plot and not much moral—it is true, but a very considerable amount of amusement nevertheless.

*Stories and Sketches.* By JAMES PAYN. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.

THIS is another of those republications by which the contributors to periodical literature lay aside the veil of anonymity. The papers which compose the present amusing volume are selected from Mr. Payn's contributions to *Household Words* and *Chambers Edinburgh Journal* and after a perusal of them the reader will recognise in this gentleman one of the most elegant and graphic writers in these periodicals. In his fondness for *minutiae*, and the precise analytical manner with which he describes every detail, Mr. Payn reminds us somewhat of Edgar Poe; and if he be not quite equal to the American in power, it will at any rate be confessed that he is free from that morbid love of the horrible which is one of the distinguishing features in the author of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." From among the best

in this collection, we particularly distinguish "Change for Gold," "The White Feather," "Under the Sea," and "P. N. C. C."

*May Hamilton: an Autobiography.* By JULIA TILT, Author of "Laura Talbot," &c. London: Booth. "How comes it, May, that you are going to marry ugly Richard Maitland? I thought he was such a very frightful man!"

How it happened it is the object of this story to tell, and in the telling of it the authoress has introduced a variety of personages not very original, but drawn with a good deal of skill and spirit, some interesting incidents, and some pretty lady-like writing. It is a pleasing tale, with a moral purpose.

*Valisneria; or, a Midsummer Day's Dream: a Tale in Prose.* By MRS. PFEIFFER. London: Longman and Co.

THE writer of this volume is not the famous *Ida*, but one Emily Pfeiffer, and it would have been more strictly in accordance with propriety if it had been so stated on the title-page, so as to prevent buyers from mistaking the one for the other. And, indeed, the work has merits of its own which need no art to recommend them. It is a pretty poem in prose—a fairy tale exquisitely conceived and narrated, with rare poetry of description and language. It will charm the readers of all ages, but it will be especially a favourite with the young, for whom it is designed, to whom we commend it.

*Glenwood Manor-house: a Novel.* By ESTHER BATEWELL. London: Hall and Co.

ANOTHER novel in a single volume, but so closely printed as to have the contents of two ordinary novel volumes. The story is interesting, and it is written with more than usual attention to the art of telling it agreeably.

*Alma Theresa.* By DAVID McCULLOCH. Glasgow: Murray and Son.

ANOTHER novel in a single volume—or rather a tale, with a very simple plot and few incidents. From the multitude of similar publications weekly poured from the press, we presume there must be a demand for them; but who the buyers are we cannot imagine, for we never chanced to see one of them on the table of any drawing-room. But neither would authors write, nor publishers print, without a prospect of reward; and this one is as well entitled to popularity as any of its rivals.

We are pleased to see the proprietors of the "Parlour Library" resorting to the rich stores of foreign fiction, instead of reproducing the worthless works of third-rate English novelists. They have now brought out a translation of Dumas's historical romance, *The Two Dianas*, not one of the author's best productions certainly, but still stamped with his peculiar genius. Why has not Mr. Hodgson added to the "Parlour Library" some of the novels of Balzac, of which not one has yet appeared in an English dress—and yet how welcome they would be. Some of the better novels of Paul de Koch and of George Sand would, we believe, command a large sale.

## POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*Arnold: a Dramatic History.* By CRADOCK NEWTON. London: Hope and Co.

This is a small book, but large enough to be the repository of glorious thought, and sufficiently complete to show the presence of a fine poet. We give it a place apart in our journal, and it deserves the distinction; since, as a poetic work, it stands apart in literary history. It is another proof that a small casket may contain a jewel of rare value. From it we also gather this lesson, that, while a thorough diplomatist uses much language to conceal his thoughts, a true poet exposes his thoughts through the fewest appropriate words. As a poem, *Arnold* has an inner life, which is very unusual in an age when outward form has risen to an importance wholly disproportionate to its actual value. There has been of late too much idolatry paid to the externals of poetry. Neither a poem nor a gentleman can be known by the quality of an external garment; since, if you strip the tinsel from a metrical composition, and from a peripatetic biped, it is not improbable that you may discover that one is a wretched deformity, and the other an ill-bred scoundrel. There is heart, there is soul, in this little poem by Mr. Cradock Newton, which throbs because it has vitality, and not because it is robed in the fashion of high art. Inasmuch as this poem is a picture of human life, we presume it is not incorrect to call it "a dramatic history;" but the characters are not individualities as we find

them, but find them only, in the works of our greatest dramatists. This, perhaps, is of little importance, since *Arnold* can never be placed on the stage. It is very apparent that the few characters in this poem talk with singular equality, but then it is an equality vastly superior to the talk of ordinary men. It is in fact the poet, Mr. Cradock Newton himself, speaking for all his characters, and speaking so thoughtfully and so far above the twaddle of drawing-rooms, that, even at the loss of a little dramatic consistency, we would not wish him to speak less or more in the vein of common mortals. This poem is really healthier than nine-tenths of the poems which appear, because it does not sacrifice animal energy on the altar of a maudlin reflectiveness. It is not the exponent of action as we find it on the stage, but the representative of that genial energy which goes to build up the fortune and happiness of society. We have frequently in these pages protested against the sickly tendencies of poets who assume, while they do not feel, the presence of a wasting melancholy. We look upon cheerfulness in a minstrel and in a minister of the Gospel as indispensable—it is the rich glow which indicates the healthfulness of both poetry and religion. Mr. Newton strengthens our previous conviction on this question, when he writes:

Our Shakspeare's mirth lay like a royal robe About him, and the sweet and sunny speech Of lovely maidens moveth like a light Across his page. These singers of to-day Are knights of rueful visage, and discover Such harsh ungrainliness of grief, as though The Muses had forsaken the myrtle shade, And sought the sour vicinity of yews.

It will be seen that there is not only the expression, but the feeling of cheerfulness in these rich pages. More than this, the triumph of faith is manifested in the character of Arnold, the sceptical student, who finishes his last speech with this beautiful line:

Doubts are but shining angels in disguise.

The charm of this dramatic history does not lie in the completeness of story, but in its many exquisite poetic touches. We could fill a column with brief individual extracts, which shine like bits of gold. From the commencement of the second scene there is the living rapture which belongs only to the world of poetry. You are brought suddenly, but delightfully, into the presence of the Beautiful.

Look, what a light of flowers is on the earth, As if the proud, voluptuous blood of June Blush'd out in roses.

Then, again, when, in the lonely vesper hour, one of the characters chatters flippantly of worldly things, with what a burst of grand old eloquence Arnold reproves him!

Hush! 'tis the hour of worship, and earth kneels As a child to evening prayer. Above us, like Siloam's angel-troubled waters, all The starry silence is disturb'd with God. The speech of scorn were sacrifice here. As they Who walk in converse by the solemn shore Derive unwittingly some tone of awe From the vast neighbourhood of the main, this power And presence of the Infinite doth prompt A deeper language.

One more brief extract from a poem which, from its brevity, it would be unfair to quote from largely. Let our minstrels mark this:

To be great In song doth need thee to be great in soul; Let none lure lightning from the electric cloud In heedless sport, else may the vassal flame Seethe him in vengeance. Chant not to thy day The songs of thy day, delighting it to hear— But such seer-syllables as shall shake Sloth To awed atten, stir Fraud upon his throne, And startle Falsehood as the voice of doom; So shalt thou serve, not please, thy time. The bard Is from the desert of the present sent To spy the future Canaan: As those spies Of Israel saw the land—a land that flow'd With milk and honey—likewise seeth he Those fields of light, and bringeth like report; And is so soon'd and doubted of his time— Save of the wise a few, and that in faith The promise, lighting all their desert lives With blesst expectance.

Need we say that there is power in Mr. Newton, joined to a taste at once refined and cultivated? We wish that such a book as *Arnold* may be widely circulated, since it is sure to expand the empire of beauty, and advance the progress of thought.

*Fables de Gay: traduites en vers français.* Par le Chevalier de Chatelain. Third Edition. (London: Whittaker.)—This admirable translation has reached a third edition, and we congratulate the spirited translator on his well-deserved success.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Metaphysicians: being a Memoir of FRANZ CARVEL, Brush-maker, written by himself; and of HAROLD FREMDLING, Esq., written and now republished by FRANCIS DRAKE, Esq.* London: Longman and Co. 1857.

WHEN Franz Carvel determined to throw aside metaphysics and stick to brush-making, he formed a wise resolve. Unfortunately for the world, so good an example is likely to find but few imitators. The metaphysician, when once he has dabbled in the abortive speculations which he dignifies by the name of science, is a fanatic whom nothing can reclaim. For more than twenty centuries the same fruitless inquiries have perplexed the minds of philosophers, without ever yielding an adequate result. Whether we have ideas independent of experience, whether the notion of causality be innate, whether space and time have any objective reality, these and a hundred kindred puzzles are as far from settlement as ever. School after school attempts the solution, and elaborates ingenious theories, which its successors as ingeniously destroy. Happily, the practice of life is independent of these subtleties. We may learn to refuse the evil and choose the good by surer guides than any system of morals based on fantastic theories of the human mind.

It is not so clear what object is promoted by the two memoirs which head this article. If the Memoir of Franz Carvel be intended as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Kantian system, nothing can be more unsatisfactory. But as a philosophical *jeu d'esprit*, the sketch is not without interest and amusement.

An ancestor of Mr. Carvel came over to England with William of Orange in the honourable if not distinguished post of cook or coachman. The immediate founder of the family sold Dutch dolls and brushes in the Strand, and his descendants have carried on the same respectable business to the present day. It appears, however, that the late Mr. Carvel, father of the Franz who confesses himself in this Memoir, was injudicious enough to hand over the education of his son to a gentleman versed in the philosophy of Kant, and subsequently to send him to Germany. The son tells us that previous to the age of thirteen he had understood the terms "past, present, and future," as they are understood by the multitude. But he was not without doubts, for he had met with the lines of Cowley, where, speaking of absolute infinite existence, he says:

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,  
But an eternal Now doth ever last.

To a mind thus prepared the philosophy of Kant appealed with irresistible force. The zealous disciple needed nothing beyond the conclusions of the pure reason, to admit the doctrines of his great master. But his devotion was rewarded by the signal confirmation which those doctrines received, and which we find recorded in the present memoir. We shall be glad to aid in disseminating the irrefragable evidence here produced in favour of the doctrines of Kant.

It happened in this way: Mrs. Carvel had just been confined of a son and heir. Her spouse, rendered miserable by the domestic tyranny which invariably prevails on these occasions, had accepted the invitation of his worthy brother-in-law, Mr. Smith, to discuss dinner and philosophy at once. Mr. Smith (of the firm of Smith and son, ironmongers, in the Edgware Road) was a practical philosopher. He scouted metaphysics, and objected to the wool-gathering (as he termed it) in which his brother's wits were engaged, because the wool could not be made into mops and rendered available for trade. Not that Mr. Smith was a blockhead; but he laboured under the fatal error of confining himself to the contingent and conditional, and refused to comprehend the abstractions of the pure reason. The brothers never met without falling into scientific disputation; but the result was scarcely satisfactory. "Franz," Mr. Smith would say, "your heart is good, but your head is muddy." To which Mr. Carvel would reply: "Jack, your head is shallow, but your heart is sound." On the present occasion, however, Mr. Carvel little suspected that he would shortly be able to produce such overwhelming proof of the truth of his theories; that "while," to use his own words, "we live among phenomena, the mere creations of time and space, which are parts of the mind while the mind is connected with matter; yet the mind itself is identical with the absolute unconditioned

Nowmenon, that is, with the eternal Now, to which Cowley advertis in his immortal distich." ("Nowmenon" is a peculiarity of spelling to which Mr. Carvel adheres, in deference to Cowley, but in opposition to propriety).

Now, Mr. Franz Carvel, on leaving his brother-in-law's house, found himself almost unconsciously in the parlour of the Green Man in the New-road. There, after refreshing himself with treble X, and smoking his fourth cigar, he became aware of a wonderful activity of the categories, during which the phenomena of time and space were unformed. An "indifference" crept upon him; but presently the categories were again at work, and he became sensible that he was under the influence of a totally different set of phenomena. He found himself in the private room of the Old Farthing Pie House. There was a buzz of conversation, relating not to Palmerston and the Peace with Russia, but to Admiral Byng and Minorca, to Hessian and Hanoverian troops, to conjectures whether the King would visit his German dominions this year. In fact, he was receiving direct evidence that the distinctions of past and present, which the ignorance of the multitude persist in perpetuating, are wholly without foundation. Not slight, however, was the astonishment of the worthy gentlemen, who were discussing their bowl of punch and smoking their pipes, when Mr. Carvel joined their conversation in a style befitting the Wandering Jew. Their indignation knew no bounds when, finding he had no silver to pay his reckoning, he expressed a wish to "change a sovereign." It was a plot, they exclaimed; and Mr. Carvel was nothing else than a Jesuit in disguise, an emissary from the Pretender. Had this been the only inconvenience to which the truth of Kant's philosophy exposed him, it would have been of slight account. But a worse dilemma awaited him. On leaving the tavern, and crossing the deserted fields where Trinity Church and Norton-street now stand, he heard the screams of a woman, and arrived in time to rescue his great-grandmother, as he afterwards discovered, from the attacks of a Lovelace. His perplexities increased at every step. He found that he combined the personalities of himself, Franz Carvel of the nineteenth century, and of his great-grandfather of the eighteenth. As soon as he had put his antagonist to flight, his great-grandmother came close up to him, and the following dialogue took place:—

"This is a cruel trick of yours, Franz; why, I thought I knew your voice at first, in spite of the hideous disguise."

"What disguise, madam?"

"Madam!—d'ye think to deceive me? Why, don't I know that under those loose hangings you've your best jaunty suit, and have changed your last new periuke and tie for the horrid unpowdered thing upon your head?"

"But why should I have done so?"

"Only for a trick—a cruel trick—to frighten poor little me left at home at father's. But I won't be frightened, though it is a cruel trick."

"Upon my word and conscience, my dear and most revered great-grandmamma——"

"What foolery! Come, let us go home; you know this is the last night we shall be at father's. What, you still pretend you are not my wicked hubby Franz, do you, you foolish fellow, you?"

"I do indeed. It so happens that I know something about you, and about your husband."

"I should rather fancy you do, forsooth!"

"Yes; I know that you are the daughter of Mr. Bilsom, and that you married Mr. Franz Carvel, the first of last February, and that you will be a mother before the end of April next year."

"Oh! you awkward mummum, Franz; oh! you simpleton to let that escape! Who, I wonder, can possibly know anything of that last little matter, but you and I, my foolish Franz? And now let me look in your face; for, if you be not my wicked Franz, you are a certain person that's even more wicked than he."

So saying, she pulled down my head close to her little round rosy cheeks, and, a gleam of the moon just then shining on our features, she exclaimed, "Now who shall say you are not my dearest hubby?" And with the exclamation, before I could defend myself, she gave me a kiss, not exactly a great-grandmother's kiss, though certainly a very loving one, which it required the concentrated power of every moral principle I had learned, to meet properly; principles which her next words did not render less needful, seeing that I had much to resist in my youth and my actual circumstances at home, namely, my cold comfortless room in the attic.

"My dear Franz," said she, "I have no doubt the people will see father safe: let you and me go home to bed."

"Good heavens! my dear, my most virtuous, my

revered great-grandmamma, you know not what horrors you speak."

Happily, Mr. Carvel was rescued from his moral dilemma by the arrival of the real Simon Pure; and Mrs. Carvel, not without a suspicion that she had been mystified by the Evil One, was glad to release him for the night. On the morrow he enjoyed further experiences. The London of 1756 he found mean and insignificant. The houses were squalid; the appliances of civilisation in a comparative state of infancy. He saw mobs, and not of the lowest classes, hurrying to the Tyburn hangings, and turning back with frantic disappointment when they found their only amusement for the day was a pillory affair at Charing-cross. Nor was he more edified by such specimens of polite society as he saw on the Mall and in Marylebone Gardens. The disciple of Kant began to think the eighteenth century far behind the nineteenth. Luckily for his prejudices, he was soon restored to his previous metaphysical state. A wall with which his nose came in contact, on his return to the Farthing Pie House, again disarranged the phenomena of time and space. Like the changes in a dissolving view, two sets of phenomena presented themselves to his consciousness. But at last one set grew fainter and fainter; and he became aware that he was again in the nineteenth century, and in the parlour of the Green Man. Still, as he made his way home, "his faculties were in a state of extreme perplexity, including not only the formative categories of the understanding, but the six ideas of pure reason." The welcome, which he received from "Mrs. Nurse" on his return home, was not calculated to soothe his feelings. "It's a pity," muttered she, "when a gentleman's wife is confined, that he does not keep good hours—nay, it is rather suspicious."

Mr. Carvel was considerably provoked by the coolness with which his brother-in-law received his revelations. When he accounted philosophically for what he had seen, Mr. Smith laughed outright. The only moral which that practical sage would draw was this: In the last two or three centuries there has been a decided improvement in the condition of the people of London; and

We are warranted in concluding—not, certainly that the progress has been equal in equal parts of time—not that it has never stopped for a little time—not that it can never have given way to a backward current for a little time—but that every century has found us better off, upon the whole, than we were in the last; and that, consequently, in looking back to Elizabeth's day, we are under a delusion, if we suppose that comfort, convenience, physical enjoyment, were then more generally diffused than they are at present. . . . Our social and moral condition, too, has been improving, though not always *pari passu* with our physical condition. . . . There is a more general diffusion of the moral element in society; and such diffusion is going on, so that at last the individual instances of striking goodness and striking wickedness will be rare.

The proofs of the truth of Kant's doctrines which Mr. Carvel received would have been incomplete, if he had only been convinced of the identity of past and present. It remained for him to realise the identity of present and future. Suffering from the cold which he had caught in the Marylebone Gardens, he was compelled to take to his bed. In that situation he experienced a further metaphysical change, which we leave him to explain in the clear language which he borrows from Schelling:

*Phenomena of the so-called Present.*

1st Indifference.

Retrograde action of the 12 categories.

Disintegration of Phenomena.

Return of Element back through the Faculties of Time and Space, and the Inlets of the Senses.

Identification of the Element with the absolute, unconditioned Nowmenon.

2nd Indifference.

Return of Element forward through the Inlets of the Senses, and the Receptivities of Time and Space.

Reconstruction of Phenomena by the activity of the twelve categories.

*Phenomena of the so-called Future.*

When the process thus tabulated was intuitively discerned, by the judgment of the pure reason, to be complete, I could not help loudly uttering, in a tone of intense admiration, the honoured name of

IMMANUEL KANT.

Fully conscious of the metaphysical change that had taken place, I found myself still in bed, still wide awake, and still inclined to keep awake. I looked out into the room, and found it totally changed in

size, in form, in furniture; nor did I any longer see my brother and sister, but two persons who were quite strangers to me.

In fact, Mr. Carvel was again in possession of a complex identity. He was the Franz Carvel of the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries at once. Let us see what the world will be a hundred years hence, as far as we can learn from these revelations. London, our clairvoyant, assures us will be a changed city. He finds magnificent streets, fair open spaces, a pure atmosphere, and a clear flowing river. Trafalgar-square has become what it should be, the finest site in Europe. Temple Bar, notwithstanding Mr. Cunningham, and St. Clement Danes, have disappeared. St. Paul's may be readily admired from any point of the compass. From Farringdon-street to Chancery-lane extends a vast area, covered with the central termini of all the railways, which, it seems, Government has been compelled to buy up. As to the social condition of England, it appears that all respectable people, from the professional classes down to scavengers, live congregated in vast halls, somewhat after the communist model. There, in the lower class halls, dinner is served at all hours, and service succeeds service to the music of exquisite symphonies. Doctors and lawyers and civilians (as clergymen are now called) "do not consider their duties to be curative or corrective, so much as preventive. That they may have no motive for otherwise considering them, their incomes are fixed." Licentiousness and vice have almost disappeared. Penitent Magdalens (if Magdalens there still be) are received back into the bosom of society, when they can persuade some reformed rake to marry them. Crime is almost unknown. The Maine Law has become an English law. Positive science is in the ascendant, and metaphysics are forgotten. This, indeed, is the crowning triumph.

It was after this second revelation of the truth of Kant's philosophy that Mr. Carvel, rather inconsequently, resolved to abandon metaphysics and confine himself to trade. We cannot quarrel with his decision. It is undoubtedly a wise one. But its wisdom depends on very different reasons to those which are produced by himself or Mr. Smith. Yet Mr. Carvel finds it difficult to wean himself altogether from his beloved pursuits; and whilst he devotes himself to brush-making, he has found some spare hours to pen this account of his experiences, and to plead the cause of his great teacher. To this Mr. Smith does not object: he only recommends him to specify (in a note) that the business continues to be carried on at St. Anne's-street, Marylebone, and he tells him this will be the wisest thing in the book. We are inclined to think that Mr. Drake (*magni nominis umbra*) shows equal wisdom, when he draws attention to "that remarkable work, The Eclipse of Faith."

We can scarcely conclude without some reference to the second memoir; but the task is by no means agreeable. The story of Mr. Carvel is amusing, if not very convincing. But the construction and mechanism of the other story is not only uninteresting, it is simply revolting. A young man, precociously trained in metaphysics, is let loose upon the London world at the age of eighteen. In a few years he becomes prematurely old with debauchery. His intellect and his animalism hold divided sway. No moral principle exerts a salutary restraint. He can argue metaphysical points with masterly sagacity; but a moment may transform him to a Satyr. The combination is unnatural. Even if such a man has ever existed, he is not the example with which to point a tale. We are really at a loss to understand the lesson which the life of Harold Fremdling is intended to convey.

One point alone seems clear: the author of these two sketches would reduce metaphysics to their proper level. There are certain limits beyond which the human intellect is incapable of penetrating. It is idle to attempt the solution of problems which have perplexed all ages, and which are still as insoluble as ever. But there are other fields where zeal and enthusiasm may reap a rich reward. Positive science will yield far nobler results, not only for the material, but also for the moral well-being of the world.

*American Slavery and Colour.* By WILLIAM CHAMBERS. London: W. and R. Chambers. 1857.

Mr. WILLIAM CHAMBERS has brought together into a concise and referable form a multitude of facts illustrating the present condition of slavery

in the Southern States of America. The later phases of the agitation which the contest between the Slave and Free States has assumed, the Kansas-Nebraska affair, the outrage upon Mr. Sumner, and the struggle in Kansas, are all clearly and sufficiently described. We need scarcely add that Mr. Chambers's conclusions are opposed to slavery, as an unnatural violation of human freedom, as an institution productive of mental, moral, and physical torture, but of no real good to any one—not even the slaveholders themselves. The worst of it is (as Mr. Chambers well points out), the evil is not decreasing, as some have asserted, but is positively on the increase.

This institution has not seemingly attained its full proportions. It is still growing. Sixty-seven years ago under a million—now approaching five millions—soon there will be ten millions of human beings in the condition of “chattels personal”—a nation of slaves within a nation of free-men, a people dangerous in their numbers and sense of wrongs, dangerous as an engine of intestine discord, in the event of hostilities with an unscrupulous foreign enemy.

After his investigation of the question, Mr. Chambers is driven to the gloomy conclusion that the evil is apparently without a remedy. Nothing but a modification can be hoped for, he thinks; and that may be effected “by a diversion of the cotton-trade from America, and by removal of protective duties. A falling-off in the demand for American cotton, by lessening the demand for negroes, would affect the slave-breeding States, and dispose them to adopt freedom. By the removal of protection, the present compact between North and South would be greatly shaken. The former point is for the consideration of Englishmen; the latter for that of Americans.”

*The Comic Cocker* is simply silly. It is neither amusing nor useful.

An interesting and valuable volume has been added by Mr. Bohn to his “Standard Library.” It contains a translation of Armand Carrel’s “History of the Counter-Revolution in England, under Charles II. and James II.; Charles James Fox’s “History of the Reign of James II.”; and a Memoir of the Reign of

James II., by Lord Lonsdale—the latter a rare and curious historical morsel, often cited by Macaulay.

*The Works of Lord Brougham; Speeches on Social and Political Subjects.* Vol. I. (London: Griffin.)—Among the subjects treated of in the speeches gathered into this volume are Military Flogging, Libel, Army Estimates, the Holy Alliance, Education, Irish Law, Imprisonment for Debt, and the Speeches at the Wellington Festival at Dover.

*Directory to Noblemen and Gentlemen’s Seats, Villages, &c., in Scotland.* (Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.)—A complete county directory of Scotland, containing the names of the residents in the small towns and villages, and at the country seats and houses. There is also a postage directory, and a collection of county statistics.

*Oliver Cromwell’s Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations.* By Thomas Carlyle. 3 vols. Vol. II. London: Chapman and Hall.—A continuation of the new and complete edition of the works of Carlyle, hitherto procurable only at great cost, now brought within the reach of all the reading classes. This volume brings down the history to August 1653. It is Cromwell portrayed by himself.

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

### THE CRITIC ABROAD.

We noticed some time ago the appearance of a new edition of the Memoirs of Theodore Agrippa d’Aubigné, the staunch Huguenot, the brave soldier, the polished and witty courtier, the faithful adherent of Henri Quatre, the man who never feared to speak the truth, even when it put his neck in jeopardy, and that was more than once. We have now to notice a new edition of his entertaining work, *Les avanatures du Baron de Fœneste*, by M. Prosper Mérimée, of the French Academy. This was one of D’Aubigné’s most popular works. It is a dialogue between a sagacious man and a vapouring Gascon, who is made to use his own *patois* in the most diverting manner. The author puts into the mouth of his Gascon hero, the Baron, comicalities which have not been surpassed by Molière. Unfortunately, much of the original wit and satire is lost upon us; and we, reading the Baron de Fœneste two centuries after date, may be excused if we do not always comprehend his language, seeing that an Academician occasionally blunders over it. For example: M. Mérimée, to explain a passage at p. 178, cites a phrase from Molière, in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*—“J’ai la tête plus gros que le poing, et si, elle n’est pas enflée.” The particle *si* means here *et pourtant, malgré cela*. M. Mérimée explains it by *aussi, pour cela*, a strange error. In his preface D’Aubigné says:

The author has commenced these dialogues with a Gascon baron, a baron in the air, who has for his signory Fœneste, signifying in Greek, “to appear”; he is a young mad-cap, half courtier, half soldier; and next with an elderly gentleman named Enay, which in the same language signifies a man versed in letters and the ways of the court. . . . I wish to make known to the reader that he who writes these matters has a love for Gascony, and for all parts of France, and in his discourse distinguishes between the vices and the virtues of the Gascons.

A specimen of Fœneste’s Gascon occurs in the first line, and has puzzled more than one Frenchman we have shown it to—“Bon yor lou mien,” “Good day, my friend!” This, perhaps, is not astonishing, as there are very few Frenchmen who take the trouble to understand the history of their own language and its dialects. We venture to say, that the following remark, on the part of the Baron, would puzzle some young aspirants for an official appointment under the French Government:

Je boudrois la faire parestre: quant à moi je n’en suis pas ensi, & c’est pourquoi vous boyez à ce laqué & grand duel & ce poignard à coquille.

Or,

Boila de bostres prepaux à vous autres que benz quaque biages en Cour avec le cul plat & le coulet ravatu come les Surs de la Nouë & d’Auvigné, c'est pas pour y parestre, & je m’astonne comment l’Husier ouvre pour telles gens la porte du cavinet: & puch il ya tant de velles feçons de pannaches.

The “Adventures of the Baron de Fœneste” is a lively satire upon the manners of the age; and, as the writer was a Huguenot, the Romish clergy are not spared. Much of the wit is now

lost, much of it cannot be judiciously presented, and an extract or two which we venture to give must be excused where there is a halt, on account of our ignorance of the Gascon or Poitevin *patois*. Chapter the eighth is headed *Amours de Fœneste, querelle du Carré*.

*Fœneste.*—When I speak of the court and of ladies I was in my teens. I had a lady friend and a mistress. The first was the wife of an old doctor, who took boarders. She gave me money before her husband, who growled greatly when he saw boarders in his house, and he would only lodge small scholars.

*Enay.*—Scholars, do you say?

*F.*—And besides this he was a very gallant gentleman.

*En.*—It has not been the first time this disagreement has arisen. At Paris there was a very learned man, a Loudounian, named Gouli. He was always in a rage when his wife took a law-student as boarder; he wanted beardless youths only. Of him was made a quatrain, of better sense than rhyme:

Le Gouli savant, ne prends gueres  
Le barbus pour pensionnaires,  
Il choisit les petits enfans :  
Mais la Gouli les veut grands.

*F.*—Such a one I had, I beg to tell you; but the other mistress was of greater quality, and, God keep me from evil, I had twice a good boxing (*de clic et du clac*) on the ears on account of her. We were in the square, finely embarrassed by seven or eight carriages, when swords were drawn: the coachman of Madame Varat would have given me a punch in the stomach if his *compagnies* had not been afraid of the consequences. I consulted with my friends whether I should call him out: some said “Yes,” because that he had been a serjeant in a company; at last a clever man said “No!” and that by a fine invention. “You see how these coachmen are built,” he said; and that I could not fight a man in the long robe (*robe longue*) with honour.

*En.*—I see, I see; there are fine spirits at court.

*F.*—Honour was never better observed than now: if you could only get an introduction to the bullies (*r’afiez*) you would be satisfied of this.

*En.*—Tell me what a *r’afin* is; this is a new term.

Fœneste proceeds to give his acquaintance a definition of a bully.

There are people who will fight you in the twinkling of an eye, if you don’t salute them, if you touch the hem of their garment, if you spit four yards off them; and, mark you, if you make a mistake, if you take one man for another, you must do as did two gentlemen, one of whom belonged to the Cardinal Joyeuse, who were passing each other. One said: “Are not you from Auvergne?” “No,” said the other, “I am from Dauphiny.” Nevertheless they were advised to kill each other, which they did: and this was true honour.

The satires on the miracles and theology of the Church of Rome are innumerable. We content ourselves with the *Sermon de Père Ange*. On Ascension-day (Holy Thursday) Roman Catholic clergymen were wont to take great liberties in the pulpit, abusing such words in the book of Psalms as: “Hic est dies quem fecit Dominus, exultemus et laetemur in eo.” “Id est fit absurdius,” says Erasmus, “quod ista,” (he is speaking of the fables and frivolous tales which are introduced into the sermon of the day), “non incident

per occasionem, sed ex abrupto inseruntur, vel impinguntur potius.” But to the sermon of Father Ange.

News, news, news! (A long pause.) Again news! Quarrels and wars among the nobility. You are very content, you people, when we tell you of combats, duels; above all, ye courtesans, ye have only a taste for scandal. Know, Christians, that Our Lord descended to save the world, and, in consequence, to disturb the affairs of Satan. Satan called him a mischief-maker, seeing that he (Satan) had been in good possession, and until then sovereign of the Church, authorised by three thousand years’ seniority and succession, beadle of the house of prayer, possessor of the seat of Moses, sacrificer of all the Jewish churches in every parish of Jewry. His monarchy was visible, his genealogical tree showed long possession; he presided in the Sorbonne of the Pharisees. What have I said? in the seat of Moses? Not exactly so, but he had one made like it, and had it put it in the place of the old one. This braggadocio prelate, in his tiara and pontificals, by his management, established the empire of Rome everywhere, and through his political empire fortified and enriched his ecclesiastical one. This tyrant, spiritual as well as temporal, saw the advent of our poor Lord, the son of a carpenter, whose first lodgement was a stable, with a manger for his cradle, and followed by a band of poor fishermen, and a few lean, pale, eadavorous disciples, like those sad dogs in the valley of Angrogne, who look better fitted to beg for alms than to preach the truth. For a long time Master Satan had disputed against the Prophets, opposing to them the traditions of the Rabbis, maintaining that the Messiah would come with a strong hand and an outstretched arm, as a good captain and great emperor, like Mahomet can and should do, until he would cover the earth with armies and make the fire burn blue. But, after the appearance of the Messiah, he assailed him with temptations, and then preached against him. As both preached in the synagogue and preached in the desert he called Jesus a Novalist, a subornor, a troubler of Israel; demanded his business; and told him and his Apostles that they were mere shams. The other worked miracles, cast out devils, driving them chiefly into Satan’s swine, and irritated him greatly by hunting the money-changers out of the temple. He went there the same day that our Lord went to lay his whip upon the rogues, and, when he was not of the same courteous disposition that a Spanish cordelier represents him to have been on the day of the temptation, when Satan inviting him to cast himself from the pinnacle of the temple, he replied: “Como Cavallero bien creado, bezo las manas, señor Satan, por che yo tengo sealas para abacharne.” (As a well-bred gentleman I kiss your hands, Señor Satan, as I have a ladder with me to descend by.) Upon this Satan flew into a great rage, and went boldly up to him, and said: “I maintain that thou art not the Son of God.” “You lie,” said the Lord, “out of your foul throat, and I shall maintain as much by whatever weapon you list.” Such a proposal, in the judgment of the ministers, would be deemed blasphemous; but we others call bread bread, and things by their proper names. Satan took him at his word, and begged for leisure to select his weapon.

Here Fœneste breaks in:—

I maintain that Satan was in the wrong, for he who has received the lie ought to give the challenge,

and allow the choice of arms to the other; and I should have been very glad to have been his second.

With this interruption we must interrupt the sermon, which, sooth to say, becomes in the sequel rather wicked. D'Aubigné's book will doubtless have many readers.

The temptation in the wilderness has been rather irreverently presented to us by D'Aubigné. Giuseppe Montanelli presents it to us in the form of a dramatic poem of great merit—*La Tentazione*. He develops simultaneously in this poem the religious, the philosophical, and the political thought. Between the first scene, which shows us, upon an inaccessible mountain, Satan disconcerted by the divine placidity of Christ, and the final scene, where we see the tempter vanquished by love, moved, repentant, pardoned, despoiled of his Satanic form, to enter the choir of the cherubim, the poet passes before our eyes a series of scenes of typical personages—the Emperor of Germany, the Roman people, the Italian cities, Hildebrand, the Borgias, Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Galilei, Savonarola, and others, who shadow forth the powers of oppression and the martyrs of liberty. The last scene, entitled "Temptation of Washington," is a tribute to the memory of that wise and worthy man. "Hosanna! Hosanna!" sings Christ, on seeing him reject, after his example, the royal robe which Satan presents to him:

In quell'anima naque  
La popolano libertà del mondo  
Il verbo cittadino oltre a quei flitti  
Sull'all volerà delle tempeste.

Italy, and the liberties of Italy, have thoroughly occupied the mind of the poet. The Hosanna to American liberty will be re-echoed across the Atlantic. His type of Lucifer, accepted into the Divine favour, reconciled, made a ministering angel, instead of a spirit for ever damned, is quite opposed to the theology of the Middle Ages. He extols in beautiful verses the virtues and the genius of his countrymen—the great poets of Italy, her great artists, great philosophers, and all who have suffered for the cause of truth and liberty. He bursts forth in words, which are sure to be caught up, wherever the beautiful Florentine language is understood:—

O Italia  
Sorgi alla tomba d'immortal messagio,  
E alle genti perdute in aspra e cupa  
Selva, del monte illumina il viaggio.  
Sorgi a cacciar la maladetta lupa,  
E far dell'Alpe insperato vallo  
Al leopardo Svevo che ti sciappa.

Sorgi all' antico popolar tuo stallo.

It is fortunate for Signor Montanelli that he does not publish in Milan.

There is a new island to be discovered. Corsica will be found laid down on the maps, and so far is a geographical fact; but, according to M. Jean de la Rocca, in his book, *La Corse et son avenir*, "the first vessel which reaches our coasts, having on board a great capitalist, and a skilful agriculturist, will have made the discovery of Corsica." M. de la Rocca has studied the nature of the country, the composition of the soil, the influence of climate, the commercial relations of the island, the character of the population, their tendencies and aptitudes. He indicates the natural riches which Corsica possesses, without having the necessary institutions to turn them to account. He shows the actual state of the different productions of the island, and what might be the case were capital and industry to lend their aid. To drain marshes, to improve the breed of cattle, to introduce new crops, to found banks, to open harbours, to construct roads, to instruct the people and stimulate them to honest labour, to people deserts, and much more, are the demands made by the writer on capital and intelligence, promising a rich reward.

M. Victor van Isacker writes a book with a fascinating title-page—*Dénouements d'Amour*. The book is well "got up;" beautiful without, but very gloomy within. All his heroes are unlucky. One dies of consumption, another by a stab received in a duel, a third by a pistol-shot, who dies in true Surrey-theatre manner, exclaiming, "Wretch! thou hast killed thine innocent brother!"

When a Viscount writes the world should read. Yet a Viscount may be a very dull fellow; and such we think of the Viscount d'Yzarn-Freissenet in his *Pensées grises*. "Every hair that falls is replaced by une pensée grise," says the writer, and his hair must be falling fast, and very grey. He obliges us to take notice, among other things, that—

An ugly woman and a coquette is a general without an army. Oblivion is the invisible coffin of those who are no more. ("Out of sight out of mind" would read better.) A saloon is too small a space to contain several men of genius. He who asks for advice is nearly always decided by it (?) The hand of democracy is brutal and cold; it breaks and discolors. Novelty is a flower; habit a chain. Let young girls lie hidden and they are violets; let them be sought for and they are made roses of.

*Le Roi des Montagnes*, by Edmond About, is partly a satire on the modern Greeks. The king of the mountains is a bandit, who gains his own livelihood amply and that of his band, by plundering travellers whom curiosity leads among the mountains of Attica. Hadji-Stavros has a high idea of his own importance; he has a kind of government; he relies upon company of shareholders, to whom he renders a serious account of his transactions; and the pages which relate all this are the most lively of the romance. M. About amuses himself exceedingly at the expense of the Greeks. He no doubt exaggerates their vices; but they can avenge themselves by opposing facts to his fictions.

It is seldom that we refer to theatrical matters; but we find in the pages of a contemporary, *Revue des deux mondes*, account of a piece produced at the *Théâtre Italien*, which people will be glad to see produced nearer home. *La Fiamma*, we are told, has had immense success. Ladies weep, and gentlemen, without weeping, do not protest against the tears to which they are witnesses. There is a reality about *La Fiamma*, which gives rise to frequent applications of the cambric handkerchief to the eyes. A comic actress deserts her husband and her child in the cradle to devote herself to the intoxicating life of the theatre, to live upon its plaudits, and to count the wreaths which are flung at her feet. The world, which seems at first to pardon her, avenges itself sooner or later of a breach of the social laws. If the world is silent, she finds in her child, who has lived far apart from her, the most terrible expiation of her fault; for the mother who abandons her child to incur adventures has not a right to complain when that child turns away her head when she perceives her approach, and refuses to recognise her as mother. The author of the piece is M. Mario Uchard.

The *Histoire des paysans depuis la fin du moyen age jusqu'au nos jour* (1200-1850), by M. Eugène Bonnemère, is a long history of suffering and misery. With the thirteenth century all freedom disappeared; the serf was dispossessed of all, even of himself; domestic wars ravaged every country; the crusade against the Albigenses ravaged the South; tithes, taken from the poor, were appropriated entirely by the clergy. Under Philippe the Fair new taxes were levied without respite and without mercy. Gradually a system of general freedom commenced, but it was entirely arbitrary. The serf was still at the mercy of the feudal lord; he enjoyed nothing without his good pleasure. Then there were wars and famines, under which the peasant suffered everywhere. M. Bonnemère writes with great attention to historical facts. The interest of his work never flags; and yet it is a painful discourse on the text of the poet:

Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn.

#### Foreign Books recently published.

[Where prices are given the franc has been valued at a shilling, and the thaler at three shillings, as in importing books duty and carriage have to be reckoned.]

#### FRENCH.

Champfleury.—*Les Aventures de Mademoiselle Mariette*. Paris. 18mo.

Goncourt, E. et J. de.—*Sophie Arnould, d'après sa correspondance et ses mémoires inédites*. Paris. 12mo. 2vols.

Lejeu, J. V. J. jugé par ses actes, par ses paroles et par ses écrits; par l'auteur de l'histoire de Louis XIV. Lille. 12mo.

Lepage, Henri—*André des Bordes; épisode de l'histoire des sorciers en Lorraine*. Nancy. 8vo.

Macquin, M.—*Le Damoisau de Commercy, histoire curieuse et intéressante du 15e siècle*. Nancy. 8vo.

Montesquieu.—*Oeuvres complètes, avec des notes de Dupin, Crevier, Voltaire, Mably, &c.* Paris. 8vo.

Regnault, A.—*Esquisses historiques sur Moscou et Saint-Pétersbourg*. &c. Strasbourg. 8vo.

#### COMET LITERATURE.

Guillame, L.—*La fin du monde, ou Satan la comète*. Marseilles. 8vo.

Labourt, Gustave.—*Le fin du monde; ou la Comète de 1857*. Nîmes. 8vo.

Tissot, Joseph.—*La comète et la fin du monde*. Paris. 18mo. Varin.—*La fin du monde, ou la ronde du dernier sabbat*, samedi, 13 juin, 1857. Paris. 4to.

FRANCE.  
L'Egypte Ancienne. Par CHAMPOLLION FIGEAC.  
Paris: Didot.

If our readers want to travel round the world at a cheap rate, and without peril to life and limb, we recommend to them the *Univers Pittoresque*, published by the Didots—gentlemen as distinguished for enterprise as for taste. The *Univers Pittoresque* is, as its extended title indicates, a history and description of all nations, of their religions, their manners, their customs, and of everything interesting that appertaineth unto them. It is in more than three score volumes, and, besides maps, contains above three thousand engravings. It can scarcely be considered a compilation, since for each country the ablest and most learned person has always been selected. And it is sold at a price so marvellously moderate, that the poorest student may, by a little effort, enrich with it his scanty shelves. It forms in itself a complete library, and combines in so high a degree the most accurate and abundant information with the amplest entertainment, that it should be the first series of books bought by any school or family tolerably intimate with French. All knowledge should be a picture. The far past and the far distant should live before the imagination as the landscape lives before the eye. The wealth of the mind is the number of pictures it can recal. What is the wealth of the mind is herein also the strength of the soul. Passion is often fierce, will is often feeble and fitful, because imagination is starved. To cram the mind with mere prosaic facts is as bad as to leave it utterly empty. It is almost worse: for mere prosaic facts are dead lumber; whereas the living brain, uninterfered with, will appropriate something of life from the immensity of life. But how much better to come to its aid, to feed its yearnings, and to guide its excursions! We accomplish this object, as it cannot otherwise be so effectually accomplished, by accustoming the child to connect by fruitful phantasy geography and history, the ever-moving globe and ever-during humanity. When we gaze on the sun and the moon, and think that that is the same sun and that this is the same moon which shone on our race in oriental regions many thousands of years ago, we sink into profound and speechless melancholy. Because, while everything has been changing, the sun and the moon have changed not, and what changes not cannot pity. But whenever we reflect that this same earth which we tread has been the place of birth, the place of action, the place of death, and is the grave of our fathers and of countless generations of men, we are in some measure mournful, yet joy prevails over the gloom; for with the tears and smiles of mankind have always been the sympathising tears and smiles of earth, whose vicissitudes are as those of mankind, immortal. In both immortal vicissitudes and an inexhaustible vitality—and this is our consolation. History read as history, and severed from the idea of a perennially-renewed earth, of a perennially-renewed humanity, is overwhelmingly tragical. It wearies us with political intrigues, court corruption, and bloody battles. We are stunned by the brawl, we sicken at the gore and the pollution. But a green, fertile, beautiful earth, and the glories of earth lovingly and rapturously beheld by million tribes, and the gifts of earth gratefully received in millions and millions of homes, offer us lavishly the light in which history should be viewed. We have sometimes thought that it were well if history were written backwards. We should thus make the present animate and irradiate the past, instead of allowing the past to mummify and confuse the present. It would be the most natural way of writing history, for first must we ascend the river before we can descend it. And history is most suggestive when a kind of travelling. We stood not long ago by the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, in Yorkshire. The roar and the smoke of Leeds are near, and the first feeling is one of immense and painful contrast. But if Yorkshire manufactures have any significance in them, they should carry us step by step to the time when the abbey was as much a potent reality as the woollen factory is now, and then all contrast and all pain would vanish. We study history, as indeed we study most things, too systematically. A good deal was once said in metaphysical discussions about the association of ideas. Many have been led exceedingly astray when adopting the association of ideas as an exclusively metaphysical principle. But it is perhaps the best guide in the acqui-

sition of knowledge. We may forget the exact point from which we started; but what opulent results we bring from our journeyings to the right and to the left, and perhaps to the farthest. Infinite! Wherewith it agreeth that the authors from whom we acquire most are they who are prone to digression. Here digression is not a caprice; it is an honest, healthy appetite for affinities. Proceeding always from some geographical point, and always going, if possible, from the present to the past, it is digressively, analogically that we should find for ourselves a path through history. The best geographical point will ever be the precise geographical point where we happen at the moment to abide. Thence I at once start to England's actual attitude and relations. The expedition is not tedious, for England's grandest attitude is that of a civiliser in the East, and her most fruitful relation is that with her Indian empire. Geographically and historically, therefore, I may have much to behold in India, before England's own geography and history rise anew before my glance. Scarcely is my foot again on English ground when I see vessels setting forth to that, which next to India, is England's noblest possession. But, on reaching Australia, I encounter less to attract and detain me than in India, forasmuch as India has the most ancient of histories, whilst Australia's history is only beginning. Though speedily tired of Australia, I am yet in the Oriental mood, and I fly to the thousand isles of the Indian Ocean, to the thousand isles of the Pacific. I am already there, however, long before my hungering eye, for the odours of the spices are wafted to me on the winds. And with the odours dreams, of which still more than the most enchanting or magnificent spectacles sweet odours are the parents. The scent of the rose restores to us, for a delicious moment, our childhood, though the sight of the rose itself may remind us only of our decay. The marvels and allurements of the Indian Ocean and of the Pacific, irresistible as they are, hold me not long, and I pass from land to land, and from sea to sea, letting the spectacles of the globe and the chronicles of the human race be evermore the illustrators and the exponents of each other.

The volume on ancient Egypt is one of the best in the *Univers pittoresque*. The author is the elder brother of the famous Champollion, whom France and science lost at the early age of forty-one. The education of the younger brother was superintended by the elder, and from the latter he received his strong impulse toward Oriental studies. Though the younger Champollion alone is known in England, yet M. Champollion-Figeac has also proved in numerous writings his claim to an important literary and scientific position. His work on ancient Egypt offers in a compendious shape a more vivid and suggestive account of that mysterious country than any English book on the subject. The time has not yet arrived when a good English book can be written on ancient Egypt. What has long been won in France and Germany has yet to be achieved in England—the thorough independence of philosophy and science. It is not alone philosophy and science that gain by that freedom; religion gains to the same extent. In proportion as cowardice and compromise prevail in philosophy and science must religion be sterile. Religion speaks as ardent emotion, as potent authority. The emotion is chilled, the authority is palsied, if religion half bribes, half terrifies philosophy and science to a craven peace. If truth is only to be partially revealed, then it can only be partially sought for. In all creeds, in all systems, in all institutions, religion has been recognised as a vitality from within, transforming whatever is without. Nowhere is this point so convincingly and so beautifully elucidated as in Neander's "Memorials of Christian Life in the Early and Middle Ages." And what would the divine preachers—Augustine and Chrysostome—there so enthusiastically praised and so copiously cited, have thought of our present abject slavery to the letter? The ablest and noblest of the Fathers never interfered, never attempted to interfere, with what Jeremy Taylor, our grandest prose writer, grandly called the liberty of prophesying. They might find philosophy false, and science alike proud and shallow; and as they found so they spoke. But if they denounced they did not strive to enchain. They had themselves received the completest scientific and philosophic culture that their age permitted; they knew, therefore, the whole

worth or worthlessness of science and philosophy. Boldest, broadest, and deepest discovery is always an instrument of faith when its entire results are freely left to unroll themselves. We have been assured, by a friend of the late Hugh Miller, that the first shock to his fine mind came from his despairing endeavours to reconcile geology with the very words of Scripture. A man of a more catholic nature would have burst through the bondage, would have seen that the true way to honour Scripture is to bring to it not a puerile and pedantic literalness, but the bounty of a breathing soul. Intensely Scotch, Hugh Miller confounded, as his countrymen in general confound, immutability with immobility; and he energetically protested, as they continually protest, that what was so widely revered as the immutable should remain likewise the immovable for evermore—a doctrine from which even the Papal Church shrinks. Ancient Egypt and many parts of the Old Testament are closely interwoven. But if once a supernatural revelation, extending through many ages, is admitted as a fact, this fact cannot be affected by a few discrepancies, chiefly relating to dates, which modern research may chance on. If there is any effective weapon against a supernatural revelation, it must be drawn from considerations connected with the essential constitution and development of the universe. Till you have proved to men that a thing is physically impossible, you have not proved to them that it is historically untrue. As long as they are persuaded of the physical possibility they will not lend an ear to a demonstration of the historical untruth. The are three ways of viewing the supernatural—either as arbitrary and perennial, or as perennial but not arbitrary, or as arbitrary and occasional. The Papal Church accepts the first; it is probable that the more enlightened of the Fathers, and they who in recent times at once by their saintliness and sagacity resembled them—such as Neander—accepted the second; the Protestant Churches for the most part accept the third, though in their earlier days they rose to something more puissant and pregnant. It is a mode of looking at the matter which needlessly increases the difficulty of the supernatural. It generates that sensitiveness so silly and so superstitious, to which Hugh Miller has just fallen a lamented victim. Yet, whatever may be the Protestant theory, the plain unlettered Protestant rebels against it. He believes that all martyrs and all saints down to his own day have received supernatural aid; he believes that he himself, in answer to prayer, has often received it. Indeed, what is the faith in a special Providence but the faith in the supernatural? And, when we read in the newspapers of miraculous escapes, to what but a glad recognition of the supernatural does the narrative appeal? We are arguing now without reference to the interests of infidelity or its opponent—with reference solely to the interests of philosophy and science on the one hand, and of religion on the other; and we are strictly justified in our argument, since it is always in respect to Ancient Egypt that the difficulty of historical evidence in the domain of the supernatural begins. The simple and extremely obvious circumstance overlooked by Hugh Miller and other immensely inferior dealers in that exceedingly dreary department of theology known as apologetics is, that mankind are just as little satisfied with a God far off in the ages as with a God far off in the spaces. Our God must be near, both in space and in time; and what naturally or supernaturally he has done for others, we must feel that he has both the strength and the inclination to do for us. In effect, the mass of believers are in this affair wiser, and more genially if not more literally orthodox, than the theologians. Prayer is ever contemplated by the mass of believers as a supernatural bound towards Deity, to be followed by supernatural fruits. The faithfulness of humanity to itself is what strikes us at the threshold of all our inquiries. The river of humanity, however curved in its course, is ever the straightest line which the rush and pressure of the mighty waters can seize. Nor can influences effect its momentum or direction by an atom or a hair's breadth. The angels and archangels would call evolvement what M. Thiers and M. Guizot would call revolution. And how pious is the idea, that in us, as in the Infinite, it is ever the invisible that operates! You may anathematise him as unbeliever who clings to this pious idea, and in Little Bethel, or Exeter Hall, you may strut and

stutter as the believer by excellence, a chosen vessel. But he meekly asks whether he is to be scorned as an unbeliever whose God is nearest in the spaces and the ages. How much more might he ask? Whether he had not the privilege to speak whose outward being was as much martyrdom as his inward being was crucifixion, and who had bought his passport to unfettered and unlimited utterance by prolonged and poignant pain. Verily, now as of old, the babes in Christ have but to put up their little hands, and the little hands are changed into omnipotent wings. You alike hate and brand him as infidel who is raised on those omnipotent wings far above the letter, and him who denies both letter and spirit. You, who only walk or perhaps sit still, despise or loathe him who cleaves the empyrean as much as him who wallows in the mire. Hence are theologies so often a lie and Churches so often an hypocrisy. In putting forth these hints, let us not be confounded with latitudinarians. The evil of latitudinarianism is its want of earnestness. No man's views can be too broad, if they bind him as a moral power. It is the laxity that is generated by over strictness that is fatal. Let the disastrous effects of latitudinarianism be what they may, latitudinarianism itself is plainly a revolt against an excessive bigotry. Yet what is bigotry always, but the false zeal in a cause conscious of increasing decrepitude? Real strength never persecutes, never curses. Let, therefore, the extreme bigots ponder whether they are not making a tragical confession of weakness when they avow the desire of muzzling the man of science, the Orientalist, in reference to ancient Egypt, on which so much yet remains to be known, and which can never be too long, too deeply, too boldly, or too discursively studied.

ATTICUS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, April 28.

*Project for a colossal Government Bank on the pawn-broking system—The new Tragedy "Camma," by M. Montanelli: the first representation—Mme. Ristori—Bouffé in a new part—The Grand Opera.*

A BOLD proposition has been recently put forth, not inconsistent with the present excesses of speculation, for the establishment of a colossal bank on the common pawnbroking system at present in operation both in England and France; and it has been stated (but with no guarantee of its truth) that the plan has met with encouragement from the Government. In explanation of the project, a M. J. Nobel has just published a pamphlet, under the title of *La Banque Nouvelle*, in which he advocates an entire reform of the present system of currency and finance. He commences by observing that, under a proper system the circulating medium ought to increase in the same proportion as the productive powers of the community; that, under the present system specie (besides other serious inconveniences), has the great disadvantage of being deficient in quantity; that credit, which is intended to supply this deficiency, is consequently carried to a most dangerous extent, and exercises an oppressive tyranny over real capital and the productive powers which essentially constitute the wealth of a community. He pictures a country in the full plethora of prosperity suddenly checked in its commercial activity by a scarcity of the circulating medium. The sources of wealth in the country have remained unimpaired, and yet everything is at a standstill. Industry is paralysed, workmen are thrown out of employment, and general comfort is succeeded by widely-spread poverty. In order to put an end to this deplorable state of things, M. Nobel simply proposes to "dethrone specie and suppress credit" by bringing all valuable property into easy circulation. For this purpose he suggests the creation of an immense property bank, under the superintendence of Government. This bank, the capital of which is not to be restricted within any fixed limits, is to transform all the valuable property of France—lands, châteaux, houses, railway-shares, &c.—into money, by lending money upon every species of property having a real and undoubted value. All these valuables the bank is to value at their minimum, and only lend to the amount of two thirds of that estimate. The loans are to be granted for a period not exceeding one year, but are to be renewable so long as the pledge retains its former value. The bank is to circulate notes of 1000 francs, 100 francs, and 10 francs, retaining 1 per cent. per annum for the cost of administration, and 1 per cent. for a reserve fund. All expenses of conveyance, warehousing, &c., are, of course, to be at the charge of the borrower. In case the loan be not reimbursed at the stated period, or renewed, the property pledged is to be sold—the net surplus, if any, derived from the sale to be paid to the former owner, who, in the contrary case, is bound to make up the deficiency. The other articles of the project refer to various details in the management of the bank, which present nothing worth quoting. The

whole project, indeed, seems to labour under the grand defect, impracticability, and is only worth alluding to as very high names are mentioned as among the supporters of the scheme.

Madame Ristori is here renewing all the fanaticism of last year. And here let me supplicate you, good Carric, as you hope worthily to continue to fill the chair to which you do so much credit, not to run away with the notion that you have seen this great actress in London; for she has never acted Alfieri's *Myrra* in that Babylon of cities; and that character, like the Othello of Kean, must be witnessed before a fitting estimate can be formed of the real genius of Ristori. Of this, however, at some future day; at present my task is to make you acquainted with Signor Montanelli's tragedy of *Camma*, brought out last week by the Italian company. The author, who is a political exile of distinction, made himself favourably known last year by his elegant translation of "Medea" into Italian. His new tragedy is undoubtedly an interesting play, and contains passages of exceeding beauty; but, not having yet carefully read it, and therefore speaking under reserve, I should say that the interest is too much, or, more plainly, is altogether, centered in a single character, that of the heroine. It is true that this is a defect which must, to a certain extent, exist in all plays when a commanding and exceptional genius, like a Ristori or a Rachel, takes a part; for Shakespeare—as was often his wont—indited a literal, as well as a philosophical truth, when he wrote

The eyes of men,  
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next.

I scarcely recollect, however, to have encountered a drama in which the principal rôle excepted, the entire *dramatis persona*, create so little interest as in the present tragedy. The subject of *Camma* is taken from Plutarch, the author having but slightly modified the details. The action is laid in Galatia, a country of Asia Minor, under the rule of Sinoro, a warrior and powerful chief, married to Camma, a priestess of Diana, celebrated for her beauty and virtue. The charm of this lady excites an uncontrollable passion in the mind of Sinoro, a rival chief, who treacherously assassinates Sinato, in the hope of obtaining her hand. Being devotedly attached to her husband, and suspecting Sinoro of the murder, Camma affects to listen to his vows, and finally, by a promise of marriage, drawn from him the whole secret of his crime. Living henceforward only for vengeance, she orders the solemnities for their union to proceed, and at the altar, having infused a deadly poison into the cup, from which it is a part of the ceremonial for the bride and bridegroom to pledge each other, she drinks, and calmly hands it to Sinoro, who drains it to the dregs. She then, assuming her real character, reproaches the murderer with his guilt and cruelty, and warns him that the hour of retribution has arrived. The poison does its work

—Sinoro dies in horror and despair, and Camma's holy task of vengeance being accomplished, she, smiling at the torture she endures, yields up her noble spirit, joyously exulting in the hope of meeting her beloved in Elysium. Such is the outline of the plot of this tragedy, which, among its other merits, possesses the very valuable one, at present, of extending the *répertoire* of Mme. Ristori, by a character admirably adapted to the display of her consummate powers. Her opening scene, where, expecting to meet her husband, she is plunged into despair by the intelligence of his murder, and her first incipient suspicions of Sinoro's guilt, were marked by all that nice discrimination which renders her acting so perfect and so life-like. In the powerful and most difficult situation which forms the principal feature of the second act—in which she leads the assassin to disclose, step by step, all the terrible details of his crime; and in which, controlling her loathing and horror, though fainting, dying at each cruel revelation, she still preserves an aspect of smiling courtesy towards the murderer—the triumph of histrionic art was probably never carried further. And when at length the monster stands forth confessed, and boldly claims her hand as the reward of his bloody deed, the look, the lightning that flashed from her eyes, as she gave him her hand, exclaiming, "Mia preda afferro!" (the prey is my own), seemed to electrify the entire audience. It is a something to be seen and heard, not to be described. The dying scene was equally great. The spirit of avenging justice—calm, passionless, inexorable—in look and gesture she seems to rise to something divine. Sinoro, having drunk the poison, goes to lead her from the temple, but starts at the marble paleness of her features.

SINORO.

This sudden pallor!

CAMMA.

Tis with joy! And thou—

Thou, too, look'st pale.

SINORO.

Strange heats environ me; and yet

I feel an icy coldness (*shivering*). Ah!

CAMMA.

The chill of Death!

SINORO.

What mean'st thou? Do I dream? Camma! My bride—

CAMMA.

Thy bride! Who am I? Thine? Look on me! Look—

Dost thou not read thy sentence here? I am

The Spirit of Justice.

SINORO.

The cup!

CAMMA.

What cup could Camma share with thee,

Were it not death?

Without pretending to give the above as a literal translation, it will be sufficient to convey an idea of this scene, though not of the somewhat, perhaps, over-figurative style in which the tragedy is generally written. Sinoro is borne off in the agonies of death, and the conclusion gives room for a dying

scene by Madame Ristori, in which a vein of poetry and feeling is opened almost new to the stage. There are none of those physical pangs and contortions which give so painful an effect to most of these scenes in our theatres. Her earthly task being done, the over-worn spirit passes away in a vision of delight, in which she sees herself already welcomed by her husband and long-lost friends. There was in all this a subdued enthusiasm and religious calm in the acting of Ristori, the effect of which was truly sublime, and which made probably the greater impression because, generally speaking, her successes lie in an opposite direction. The last words—"La madre—il padre mio—Sinato—ah volo," delivered with a rapturous ecstasy scarcely mortal—were a beautiful climax to this noble performance, and the curtain fell amid acclamations, reiterated again and again until the great actress had several times appeared to receive the compliments and plaudits of the public. Nor was this all; for loud calls for the author soon burst from all sides, and Mme. Ristori reappeared, leading Signor Montanelli, who modestly bowed his thanks amid the loudest demonstrations of enthusiasm. Of the other characters there is very little to be said. They consist of Talese, a bard, a friend and kind of half-confidant of the heroine; Dionara, the sister of the murdered chief; and Sinoro, his assassin; but none of them possess the slightest interest. The last, whose love for Camma might have surely justified his claim to something of fire and passion, was a mere barbarian, without a redeeming point to awaken a gleam of interest. The play, as I said before, contains many passages of high poetic beauty, which prove the author to be a true poet; but we cannot justly add that he is a dramatist—a post of high honour unfortunately long vacant throughout Europe, and which still remains empty. This does not, however, prevent *Camma* from being in the highest degree successful, and it promises, so far, a complete repetition of the popularity of "Medea" of last year.

We have at length got the admirable Bouffé in a new character. It has been written for him by M. Cognard, but resembles too much what the public have seen him in before. The piece is called *Jean le Toqué*. A young rustic crossed in love is Bouffé's part, but poorly written and ill-conceived by the author. The public were much disappointed by this lame parody of "La Piazza di Amore" and other dramas of the same description.

At the Grand Opera we have a little piece written by M. Got, who, notwithstanding that rather common-place cognomen, is a man of talent, a wit, and one of the most rising comedians at the Théâtre Français. Its title is *François Villon*. The music, by M. Membrey, is light and pleasing: and the whole thing, without being in the least dazzling, has a certain dash of originality and freshness about it that leads the hearer to prefer it to operas of much higher pretension.

## SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

### SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

#### THE FORTNIGHT.

In a paper read at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Mr. R. Hunt—after giving the progress of the investigations by which Oersted first proved the connection between electricity and magnetism, and which led Sturgeon to construct the electro-magnet, and describing the forms under which the electro-magnetic engines had been constructed—showed the difficulties which still stood in the way of the application of electricity as a motive power. The loss of power through space was very great; as the speed of the engine increased there was a curiously corresponding diminution of available mechanical power, and there was a loss of power consequent upon the resistances in passing from a solid to a fluid, and from a fluid to a solid. All mechanical force, of whatever kind, involved a change of the forms of matter to produce that force. To produce motion it was essential to use matter, and that virtually in all cases it must be destroyed as a useful agent. An equivalent of matter, in changing its form, would produce an equivalent of force which might be rendered available; but, as there was a constant relation between the chemical combining proportion of any element and its capability to produce mechanical power, the question of the application of electricity as a motive power was narrowed to the inquiry into the quantity of power produced relatively by fuel in the furnace and by zinc or iron on the battery. Thus, six grains of carbon in the fuel produced a motive power equal to 32 grains of zinc in the battery; or, putting the case in another and parallel form, 32lb. of zinc burnt in the furnace would produce precisely the same quantity of heat as that which would be obtained from burning 6lb. of charcoal in the same furnace—that, whether producing heat during combustion or electricity during chemical change, the mechanical force obtained would be precisely the same; and hence the

commercial question of cost was greatly in favour of steam, and adverse to the use of electricity as a motive power.

Another planet, the 43rd of the system between Mars and Jupiter, was discovered, on the night of the 15th of April, at the Radclif Observatory, by Mr. Pogson. This new planet is about two degrees north, preceding the planet Iris.

A communication has been made to the Royal Geographical Society from the Under-Secretary for the Colonies that the Government had agreed to propose to Parliament a vote for the North-West American exploring expedition, which would shortly proceed under Mr. Palliser to its starting-point, to the west of Lake Superior, for the purpose of surveying vast tracts of British North America, particularly the country watered by the affluents of the Saskatchewan, and with the view of examining the southern portion of the Rocky Mountains in our own territories, and possibly of discovering a new practicable passage to Vancouver Island. The expedition would be accompanied by Dr. Hector, as geologist, naturalist, and surgeon, by Lieut. Blakiston, R.A., to take magnetic observations, and by a botanist.

The observations made by Dr. Livingston have been reduced by the Astronomer-Royal, at the Cape, and sent to this country. The exploit of crossing the African Continent from west to east, and of perseveringly fixing by astronomical observations the interesting features, combine to place this mission prominently in the front rank of the most celebrated explorers.

Communications read at the Geological Society comprised a paper by Sir P. G. Egerton, on some specimens of fossil fishes discovered in the old red sandstone of Acton Beauchamp, and in the upper bone beds near Ludlow. First—a portion of a cephalic carapace, indicating a large and new species of *Cephalaspis*. Another new species of *Cephalaspis* was founded on two specimens obtained in the bed of the river Teme; and a third new

species, described from specimens from dark micaceous shales on the Hereford Railway cutting at Ludlow. The same shales also afforded two specimens of a very small *Cephalaspis* of great interest, to which the generic title *Auchenaspis* has been given. In describing the relative position of the strata containing these ichthyolites, Sir R. Murchison was inclined to regard these strata as true "passage-beds" between the Silurian and Devonian systems, and to be classed with the lower or the upper system according to the prevalence of certain fossils.

Few fossil bones of large quadrupeds have hitherto been found on the western side of the Andes; but lately some elephantine bones have been met with on digging a trench to drain the Lake Taguatagua, in South America, at an elevation of 2300 feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean. The skeletons of two animals were found at a depth of about thirty feet below the margin of the lake, and some of the teeth and fragments of the tibia and femur, brought home by Mr. Bollaert, have been referred to Mastodon by Professor Owen.

The subject of fire insurance was brought before the Statistical Society by Mr. S. Brown. The first attempts to establish fire insurance were made in the reign of Charles II. In 1680 the Court of Common Council issued policies for about two years, which were subsequently cancelled. In 1696 the Hand-in-Hand Fire Insurance Company was established; in 1706, the Sun; in 1714, the Union; in 1717, the Westminster; in 1721, the Royal Exchange and the London Assurance. There are now 65 offices in England and Wales, of which 39 are in London; there are 7 in Scotland and 2 in Ireland. The amount of property insured at the end of 1856 may be estimated as follows:—Property subject to duty, 927 millions; farming stock exempt from duty, 70 millions; foreign business, 127 millions; making a total of 1122 millions. In France the first company was established in 1816, on the mutual

system; the first proprietary office in 1813. The total property insured in France amounted to 1800 millions. One reason for the greater amount in France was, that the tenant must answer for a fire unless proved to be by accident, faulty construction, or communicated. In Belgium the amount insured was 138 millions. In Denmark there is one company; in Sweden five. About 30 millions are insured in Russia, and 16 millions in Poland. In Germany there are 20 proprietary offices, insuring 1150 millions. In Boston and New York 206 millions; but the information from America is very incomplete. The total amount insured in Europe and America may be estimated at 4482 millions; the annual premiums paid are 8½ millions, and the annual losses 42 millions.

In a paper at the Institute of Actuaries, Mr. Fothergill showed that during twenty-four years, from 1833 to 1856 inclusive, the number of fires attended by the Fire Brigade was 17,816, giving an average of 742 a year, or very nearly two in every twenty-four hours. The annual average per 1000 fires between 1833 and 1848 was: Of totally destroyed 40; considerably damaged 297; slightly damaged 663. From 1849 to 1856 the numbers relatively and respectively were, 29, 298, and 673, showing thus only a slight diminution in the totally destroyed list. Some curious items occur as causes of fire—for instance, sewing and reading in bed about one case per annum, hunting bugs, thawing a water-pipe, bursting of a bottle of whisky, frying fish, suicide by charcoal, warming beds, and sealing letters. Places of worship exhibit a very considerable percentage of total destruction; and thirty-four cases of fires in theatres showed no medium between complete destruction and slight damage.

Among the articles at the Society of Arts' Annual Exhibition of Inventions which may lay claim to novelty are the following, by no means, however, implying a want of the like merit in others. One of the great drawbacks to screw-propellers has been the enormous amount of space taken up by these implements. A very ingenious contrivance by Mr. Wm. Lynn, one of the inspectors of steam machinery at the Portsmouth Dockyard, obviates this inconvenience. It consists of a knuckle-jointed screw-propeller. The two blades are in separate pieces, and are jointed together in the central part by a spindle passing through the joints, and then fixed to the shaft. Economy of stowage-room is thus obtained, easy adjustment, the necessary strength of the central part being retained.

A patent collapsing head for carriages. Of the many contrivances that have been tried this is the most ingenious and efficacious. A complete close carriage is obtained by an apparatus which is raised and easily adjusted, so as to connect with the ordinary leather hood at the back. When not required, this front is folded up, and forms the covering for the front seats, and fastens to the head, like any common open barouche. The inventor is James Rock, of Hastings.

A chemical balance, by J. Castle, of Torrano-terrace, Camden-road.—The top portion of the beam of this balance is horizontal, instead of being constructed with a double inclined plane, the object being to prevent alteration in the value of the divisions on the beam, when it takes an oblique direction.

A patent ball castor, by Bird and Scott, Manchester.—This is an immense improvement on the present style of castor, which but imperfectly revolves, and is moreover destructive to carpets and floors. This invention consists simply of a solid glass ball, placed in a brass socket in the centre of which is a smaller revolving ball. There is no fastening; the larger glass ball rolls easily in every direction upon the smaller ball, and always smoothly over whatever surface is presented. This must eventually supersede the present castors.

The Poor Man's Candle, by W. Little, Strand.—This lamp is intended for burning bituminous or paraffine oils. The objection to the ordinary lamps is the tendency, unless great care is used, to fill the room with unconsumed carbonaceous particles. In this lamp a large solid wick is employed, combustion taking place only at the surface; a perforated diaphragm placed over the wick giving a perfect supply of air, and thus assisting the combustion.

Patent improved gutta percha, by P. A. Godefroy, King's Mead Cottages, New North-road.—The object of this invention is to find a substitute for gutta percha (of which there is now such an enormous consumption, with the prospect of a diminution in the supply), by a new adjunct to the gutta percha, the prepared shell of the cocoa-nut, which is both indestructible and a non-conductor. As the vegetable products the cocoa-nut and the gutta percha are of the same botanical family, the chemical affinities are nearly identical; "hence sufficient carbon is eliminated for the chemical combination of the two matters when in contact, to produce a substance superior in essential qualities to gutta percha alone, and applicable at once to all its present uses." This combination is stated to be more economical than gutta percha alone, is capable of being used in all climates, is durable and elastic, resisting extreme friction, and of universal adaptation.

Metallic flesh-brush (Walton and Sons, Denton, Manchester).—This invention consists in applying

very fine wire instead of bristles for flesh and other domestic brushes. The wires are set in an elastic cloth ribbon or band, and pillow'd on a soft and yielding cushion. The touch is extremely delicate; far more so than any of the ordinary flesh or other brushes.

Embroidery executed by machinery (M. Fontainemoreau, South-street, Finsbury).—This invention produces a velvet-pile embroidery on ordinary cloth. It may be worked to any pattern, and variety of effect is obtained by varying lengths of the pile. The appearance presented is rich and elegant, and there is no waste of the material, as in ordinary embroidery.

There are altogether 215 articles exhibited, forming an interesting and instructive collection.

Chapter, with the people around, do not commission Sir C. Barry to effect their correction, at least.

*The Londonderry Memorial* (Builder, March 4) reminds one of a great naughty boy, on the stool of repentance, with a fool's-cap on his head, and three or four little fools standing about him. As a sort of "Folly," therefore, imitating the remnant tower of an old baronial castle, it may do very well; and, as it is to contain a "guard chamber, fitted up with an armoury, oak-panelled, and with a groined ceiling," its form is sufficiently justified. It would, indeed, almost seem to anticipate another Irish rebellion; at least some such possible reason may be theorised. How far it may be, in this, monumental of the person it commemorates, we know not; but, artistically speaking, it hardly comes under the scope of architectural criticism, and in this respect it enjoys the immunity which advantages the Nelson memorial on the Calton Hill at Edinburgh. It appears to us that the *Furnace Chimney*, designed by Mr. Worthington at Manchester (see *Builder*, April 18) is much more monumental of the taste of our day. It is of elegant proportion; and its boldly corbelled gallery at top just gives the artistic touch which converts a smoke-shaft into a thing worthy of critical recognition.

The *pictorial* in architecture is gaining ground daily in the streets of our more important towns, and we hope it may continue; as, in ordinary cases, it is the fittest for such localities. We cannot, in crowded business-thoroughfares, stop to estimate studied perfection in the facade of a commercial edifice; and therefore we rest well content with what strikes the eye of the passing pedestrian rather than the stern judgment of the critical. It is true, some of our commercial structures partake so largely of the character of public buildings, that a higher tone of art may well distinguish them; our banks and insurance offices coming within that class; and in such an edifice as the Bank of England, for instance, we could desire the severest exposition of critical thought. But, in the *Sovereign Life Office*, St. James's-street, Piccadilly (a very effective woodcut of which is given in the *Builder* for 18th April of this year), we have a good specimen of the compromise that may be made between the canonical and the picturesque. The new growing practice of giving such buildings a twofold expression, by placing the private house upon the shop, preserving their distinct expressions in harmonious union, is here well illustrated; and we congratulate the proprietors on the success of their tasteful architect, Mr. Horace Jones, who may take rank with his namesake Inigo. The lower part of his design, obviously denoting the general office of the company, and the board-room, &c., of the directors, is beautifully composed; nor can we over-estimate his treatment of the rounded corner, with its mirror-like oval window, as well as the ornate composition of the public entrance from St. James's-street. The fenestration of the upper portion is also unexceptionable in its elegant freedom from commonplace usages; but we are not quite so satisfied with the finish above. That our architects are now indulging in too unlimited a feeling for large crowning cornices may be admitted; but here we think Mr. Jones has not been bold enough. His upper cornice is even as meagre in the size and projection of his mouldings, as in their decoration; and we wish his consoles, or brackets, had been multiplied into equidistant continuity, to support a more substantial corona and crown moulding. We are reminded of a handsome fellow who has had his hair cropped too short by a barber too much engrossed in chattering upon the curtailment of the national expenditure. The lightness of the main cornice is the more apparent, too, from the heaviness of the pediments over the dormer windows, and the balusters might possibly have more benefited by the designer's unquestionable invention; but the whole is a valuable addition to the street architecture of the metropolis, and we cry, with Jaques, "More, I pr'ythee, more."

The elevation, given in the *Builder* for April 11, of the *Pavillon Richelieu*, Palace of the Louvre, Paris, designed by "the late illustrious Visconti," is a splendid specimen of pictorial design, wherein the sculptor co-operates with the architect to a most effective result. The admitted union of the highest sculptural art—i. e. in its treatment of the human figure—with classic architectural design, is one of the great arguments in favour of the latter, and it is here exemplified in perfection. The cabinet architecture, too, of the roof and chimneys might win over to an admiration for the ornate splendour of the Louis Quatorze style even the Greek purity of an Ictinus. When are we to have a palace denoting the regal status and the national wealth of Great Britain?

And what is to be the issue of the competition for the great building which shortly to be decided on for the offices of our Government? We read, with misgivings, that "the majority of the favoured designs are Gothic." Have the designers been considering the probable bias of their likely judges? or have they honestly come to the conclusion that a style of art sublimely paramount in its application to the Church, is the best fitted for a house of many floors, wherein the imperative *post and beam* construction cannot be truly Gothic, but can only be a Greco-Italian Gothicised? With the splendid error of the Houses of Parliament before them, will they still labour against impossibility, and

torture one thing into likeness of another? Let us all the architects who have sent in designs be constituted. The judges by ballot, and we are strong in the opinion that each, or at least each of the great majority (having of course voted for his own design, be that in what style soever), will give his vote for some modification of the classic. Is the general national feeling for the elegant majesty of Greek and Roman art, as shown at Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Bath, Bristol, Dublin, and Glasgow, to say nothing of London itself—in all this to be held as nought by a certain few influential in place or power, who may, or may not (as the *Builder* remarks), be inoculated with the "Gothic element"? To what end the admission of the public to an inspection of the designs may tend, we can hardly surmise; but it is to be feared the said public will not trouble itself, so much as it should, in the enforcement of its opinion one way or another, when the matter is one of national rather than local interest. Were it a choice affecting any one of the cities we have mentioned, saving only the metropolis, we should have no fears as to the result; but London cannot be said to have a local character. It is the conglomerate of everywhere, and therefore it is nowhere. Its Government buildings are every body's business, and therefore nobody's—excepting the few, in place or power, as aforesaid, who, making a *show* of submission to public feeling, will assume tacit "trust that the right thing will be done," to be an approval that what is done will be right, and so carry out their purposes just as their bias may dictate.

The verdict in favour of Graeco-Roman design has been already sufficiently pronounced in all the really great secular buildings of the provincial cities; and, with the sole exception of the New Houses of Parliament, that verdict has been confirmed in London. Let us admit there were at least *certain* reasons for the style of the New Westminster Palace. There are *no* such reasons for the proposed Whitehall buildings. There are no such "historical associations" to be considered. There is no old baronial hall, nor "venerable abbey," to be incorporated or brought into immediate contiguity, with the new Government offices. On the contrary, they are to stand between old England and the new; between the England of the Tudors and that of the Guelphs, and, architecturally speaking, between that of "the last of the Goths" and the yet best of the Anglo-Classics; thus, their style might reasonably be such as will afford the rich pictorial of the one with the suitable features of the other.

At all events, one more glorious opportunity is before us for giving impulse towards the architecture that should become national. The Gothic is happily restored to our churches, though its more suitable modification is yet to be effected. To our religious edifices and their appendages let it be exclusively sacred; confining our secular buildings to the column and entablature of Greece, the arches and vaults of Rome, and the beautiful modifications which have been cultivated since the period of classic revivalism.

## ART AND ARTISTS.

#### WATER-COLOUR SOCIETIES.

THE private view of the works of both of these societies took place on Saturday last. At both a crowd of eager buyers attended, and a large number of works were marked "sold," within a very short time of the opening of the doors. The attractions of the elder society still appear to predominate; but it must be admitted that its younger sister now treads closely on its heels. The love of minute and careful finish is evidently on the increase. The broad, rough style of execution, of which David Cox is the greatest master, appears to be gradually making way for another, diametrically opposite in principle, of which the charm is a photographic neatness of detail. The world may in time get sick of this, and crave some further variation of style; in the meantime the truly great and genial artist will give delight, whichever method he may adopt, and it were the height of bigotry to assert that excellence is only attainable by one method and in one direction. Water-colours appear, however, to be better adapted for small and delicate effects than for works on a large scale, and the tendency to vie in magnitude with works in oils (which is on the increase) is, we think, to be deprecated. We begin our notice with the works of the Old Society.

Mr. F. W. Burton, a young painter whose promising works have attracted favourable notice in the last two years' exhibitions, produces this year a picture of no ordinary merit, to which the place of honour has been worthily accorded. "Faust's First Sight of Margaret" (180) is the subject which the painter has chosen—one which has been often treated before, with greater or less success. Goethe's characters have become familiar to us as Shakspeare's, and most readers will have their own ideal of Gretchen. Mr. Burton presents her in a rather peculiar mediæval Germanic costume, which at first sight may appear not altogether pleasing. It is a slender elongated figure, the antithesis of cradoline, perhaps

a little too refined for the idea of the plain *bürger-mädchen*; and Gretchen's response to Faust's salutation—

Bin weder Fräulein, weder schön  
Kann ungeleitet nach Hause gehn—

might appear affectation in the mouth of so dainty a creature as this. But a more lovely and innocent face it would be difficult to imagine than the painter has here presented to us. It recalls some of Raphael's noble conceptions of virgin modesty. The figure of Faust is very boldly and successfully imagined, and shows remarkable power of drawing. Mephistopheles appears behind, but this third character is kept quite in subordination to the other two. A sculptured angel on the overhanging wall above is introduced suggestively, and seems to bode the evil to come, and to intercede in behalf of the innocent victim. The work possesses all that mastery of colour which belongs, we believe, to the English alone of modern schools.

Mr. Lewis's "Harem Life" (302) is a masterpiece of finish, but possesses at the same time those qualities without which finish would be but vapid. An eastern beauty reclines on a sofa, listlessly dangling a fan of peacock's feathers, which her favourite cat is pulling to pieces, while an attendant appears to be regaling her mistress's ears with compliment or scandal. An open window gives a vista of sunny gardens and suggestions of the free breath of heaven, from the full enjoyment of which the inmates of the harem are perhaps debarred. Loss of liberty is, however, made up for by the splendour of the interior life. The walls are hung with rich gold-wove hangings, of which the very texture and surface are admirably represented. A mirror reflects the face of the attendant, which has rather a European character, and is greatly in contrast with the languid, full-blown countenance of the mistress. Notwithstanding the elaboration of the details, the whole is in exquisite keeping, with the exception, perhaps, of the face of the principal figure, which is a little subdued by the splendour of the surrounding colours. The drawing is most masterly; the expression of languor and indolent ease perfect.

Mr. Frederick Tayler's "Ride through the Heather" (121) is full of life and spirit; the two ponies scampering over the hillside with their youthful riders, display the most thorough enjoyment. The animals appear to be first-rate specimens of their race. We can call to mind no scene from the hand of this veteran artist more gracefully conceived or more charmingly executed.

Mr. Joseph Nash has several scenes of the olden time, of which the principal is "A Summer Afternoon's Diversion on the Terrace, Bramshill, Hants" (188). Is the elegance of costume of the seventeenth century a mere painter's or romaneer's dream—and can such folks as these the parents be of the wearers of crinoline and male garments of Noachic cut? Mr. Nash goes back to a more remote and theological period in his "Lady Jane Grey and Roger Ascham" (1810). The young lady is represented as her grave tutor describes her, reading "Phædo Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would have read a mere tale in Beccasim".

men would have read a merry tale in Boccace." Mr. J. Gilbert's "Duchess reading Don Quixote" (86) is a stately dame, such as Rubens painted, in a robe of black, which that painter would have relieved with warmer red and gold than Mr. Gilbert has found means to introduce.

means to introduce. Mr. Carl Haag's "Sabine Lady" (273) and "Ischian Peasant Girl" (71) have the individuality of portraiture, and are painted with great power. Mr. F. W. Topham's "Zouave's Story of the War" (24) would have been more interesting had he chosen a new type of physiognomy, in place of that old one which, however agreeable at first, he has now pretty well used up. Mr. J. J. Jenkins's ideal of childish grace is one which better bears repetition, and he has given a pretty example of it in "The Welsh Style" (81). Mr. W. Hunt is less fertile this year than usual, and has only few fruit and flower-pieces.

The landscapists are in their usual force. Amongst the master-pieces we notice several excellent effects in Mr. S. Palmer's "The Day of the Sun" (242).

Mr. S. Palmer, "The Dip of the Sun" (240), "First Love" (238), and "The Love-letter" (248). Mr. E. Duncan has an elaborately-painted winter piece, "Sheep Feeding" (42), in which the appearance of a yellow morning mist is admirably represented. In the hands of a thoughtful painter a familiar phenomenon like this presents, we think, more material for artistic effect than grand natural scenery. No school can be compared with our own

The following works we shall content ourselves with naming:—"Kilgarr Castle, South Wales" (3), by C. Branwhite;—"Cornfield near Hastings" (18), by C. Davidson;—"Val St. Nicholas, Switzerland" (45), by J. D. Harding;—"A Summer Morning in the Highlands" (67), by W. Evans, of Eton;—"Catanzaro, Capital of Calabria" (94), by T. M. Richardson;—"Schloss Elz" (105), by W. Callow;—"Carnarvon Castle" (117), by David Cox;—"Linton, North Devon" (185), by G. Fripp;—"The Lock, Early Morning" (166), by W. C. Smith;—"View of Spithead from the Isle of Wight" (169), by G. Duncan;—"Moonlight" (278), by F. O. Finch. To these we must add the names of J. P. Nastel and S. P. Jackson. The latter has some very original marine scenes.

"Interior of Milan Cathedral" (193), by a new artist, Samuel Read, also deserves notice.

In the exhibition of the New Society, the works of Mr. L. Hage are entitled to the first mention. His principal work is taken from an incident recorded in Michiel's History of Flemish Painting. "The painter, Cornelius Vroom, towards the end of the sixteenth century, embarked for Spain with several of his religious pictures, in the hope of disposing of them there. The vessel was wrecked; but Vroom and the crew were enabled to reach a rock near the coast of Portugal. Part of the wreck, with the works of Vroom, was driven on shore, and found by some monks whose convent was near the spot. Seeing these pious pictures, they were convinced that the unfortunate vessel must have been manned by Christians, and they sent a boat with provisions in search of the wreck. They were found starving on a barren rock, and brought in safety to the convent." Of this long story Mr. Hage, of course, only gives us a very small part. The monks are seen unpacking the cases and looking with pious veneration on the pictures they contain. This gives the painter material for some excellent grouping, and the picture displays that depth and force of colour of which Mr. Hage is so great a master. We prefer, however, the simpler scene of the "Public Letter written in the Remains of the Theatre of Marcellus, Rome" (97). The figures here are admirably characterised; the earnest face of the old letter-writer is particularly good. Mr. H. Warren's oriental scene (218) displays his usual careful study of costume and character. It is thus described, "A street in Cairo, with a marriage procession, as seen from the shop of a dealer in wearing apparel and arms. The bride, wholly enveloped in an Indian shawl, and wearing on her head a small casket containing her jewels and other valuables, is conducted by her matron friends, who walk by her side beneath a canopy borne by four young men. She is preceded by her unmarried sisters or female friends, before whom march musicians playing on hautboys and various drums. A woman, beside one of the drummers, is uttering the piercing tremulous cry common to such occasions." The manner in which all this is compressed into the picture is particularly clever. The shop of the merchant, who sits in front, with its rich stores, presents the means of introducing some effective colouring.

introducing some electrical lighting.

Mr. E. H. Corbould's "Scene at a Prussian Fair" (82) is much less like a reality than the preceding. It consists of a crowd of highly idealised Teutons of both sexes, who are supposed to be celebrating the birthday of his Prussian Majesty, and are in the act of drinking the health of the "Princess Royal of England, *unser künftigen Königin.*" The picture is too much crowded with figures.

is too much crowded with figures.

Mr. E. H. Wehnert's ragged school, or "A New Pupil for John Pounds" (234), is a good intention very indifferently carried out. That John Pounds, the Portsmouth cobbler, the inventor of ragged schools, should be immortalised, is right and just. But Mr. Wehnert's pencil is too weak for his theme. The ragged urchins seem to be but repetitions of one another and of John Pounds; a family likeness pervades the whole group. A real school of this kind would, we apprehend, not be wanting in variety or peculiarity of character.

Mr. W. H. Kearney illustrates artist life in "An Incident in the Early Career of Vandyck" (41). The painter is said to have fallen in love with a young country girl, residing in a village near Brussels, between whom and his painting he probably divided his time very agreeably. Rubens, hearing of his pupil's infatuation, hastened to the village, and by his unexpected presence dissipated, it is said, the young painter's dream, and persuaded him to renounce the fascination of love, and to set off for Italy. The heroine of this story is very prettily painted by Mr. Kearney, and we can quite enter into Vandyck's infatuation. Rubens, however, is not quite so successfully managed. The well-known features of the great master are not presented, and his face appears disproportionately long. The same may be said of Vandyck, who gives one the idea of an actor of mature years, got up to play a youthful part. These objections apart, the picture is one of much talent, and should be a credit to Mr. Kearney's reputation.

and which will add to Mr. Kearney's reputation. Mr. Absolon's "Mermaid's Well" (206), a scene from the *Bride of Lammermoor*, presents too much of his peculiar mannerism for a subject of this kind. Ravenswood's face is weak, and the young lady's not much better; and there is a negligence of finish in the hair, which makes the whole look sketchy.

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## TAKE OF THE STUDIOS

SIR ROBERT PEEL is to be the President at the anniversary dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Fund. We should advise the Committee to exclude reporters —

The public examinations conducted by the Department of Art have passed off very satisfactorily. In five districts 1270 exercises were worked, and 473 rewards granted.—The Committee of the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition have arranged with Messrs. Colnaghi to produce a photographic series of the collection. It is also understood that the Manchester exhibition will be very rich in specimens of this new and most interesting art.—The amount granted to schools of art for the year 1855-56 was 25,500*l.*, against 25,865*l.* and 20,953*l.* in the years 1854-55 and 1853-4. In the first mentioned year the sum of 4500*l.* was given for aid to schools, 2000*l.* to the guarantee fund for salaries, 12,000*l.* for salaries and aid to masters, and 2400*l.* for prizes and examinations, 2000*l.* for travelling and incidental expenses, 500*l.* for normal lace school in Ireland, and 2100*l.* for salaries for inspection.—A fine collection of paintings gathered by M. Patureau, has been dispersed in Paris. The prices were high, as may be gathered from the following examples:—Spring and Autumn, Boucher, 14,500*l.*; two Hunting Subjects, Desportes, 10,700*l.* purchased by the Marquis of Hertford; The Concert in the Country, and The Swing, Pater, admirable pictures, 30,500*l.*, by Mr. Steine, Count de Nieuwerkerke having offered 30,200*l.*; A Camp, and A Military Scene, by the same, 15,500*l.*; Head of a Bacchante, Greuze, 17,000*l.*; Child's Head, by the same, 10,900*l.*; Dutch Drinking-Room, Ostade, 51,500*l.*; St. Therese interceding for Souls in Purgatory, Rubens, 16,000*l.*; Cuy, 26,000*l.*, to M. Laneuville; Entrance into a Town, Van der Heyden, a small but charming picture, 14,500*l.*; M. de Lange; Landscape, Vandervelde, 23,500*l.*; Men Drinking, David Teniers; Landscape, Wouvermans, 30,000*l.*; (the Emperor ordered this picture to be purchased at any price); The Repose of the Infant Saviour, Murillo, 41,500*l.*, to Count de Nieuwerkerke, for the Empress. In the second day's sale the following were sold:—Marine Sea, Calm, Vandervelde, 16,000*l.*, to M. Laneuville; The Cuirassier Dismounted, Karl Dujardin, 14,000*l.*, to M. Pardieu; The Player on the Cithern, Ostade, 18,100*l.*; The Mills, by Hobbima, 96,500*l.*, to M. Schultz, a retired manufacturer; The Repose in the Country, Coques, 45,000*l.*, for the Marquis of Hertford; A Mythological Subject, Rubens, 11,200*l.*; March of an Army, Wouvermans, 12,600*l.*, for the Louvre; Young Woman Dressing, Mieris, 19,700*l.*; Portrait of a Rabbi, by Rembrandt, 15,100*l.*; Portrait of Martin Pepin, Vandyck, from the King of Holland's Collection, 15,000*l.*; Halt of Horsemen, Wouvermans, 50,100*l.*, for the Louvre; The Guard-House, David Teniers, 20,500*l.*; Psyche, Greuze, one of the finest pictures extant of the artist, 27,700*l.*; Child's Head, Greuze, another fine picture, 16,200*l.* The proceeds of the two days' sale was 846,656*l.*, or 33,866*l.* sterling. Some of the purchases were made for the English Government.—The British Portrait Gallery Commission, has purchased two worthy companions to the Chandon Portrait of Shakspeare, namely, a portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the portrait of Handel, by Hudson. The Germans may possibly complain of our thus including the great musician within a British Portrait Gallery; but it is nothing but right and proper after all.—The *Revue des Beaux Arts*, of Paris, has been calling the French artists over the coals for the exorbitant prices which they demand from English purchasers. "Paintings which our artists," it says, "would sell in Paris for 40*l.* are charged in England 60*l.*; and when they are asked the reason for this difference, they say, 'It is only 20*l.* more, and for an Englishman that is nothing!'" This defeats its own end. Englishmen are not more fond of being cheated than other people; and they are both quick to find out, and slow to forgive, double-dealing.—A committee has been formed in London, to co-operate with one in Halle, for the erection of a statue to Handel in 1859, the centenary anniversary of his death. Professor Volkmann, of the University of Halle, under the sanction of the King of Prussia, is acting for the German admirers of the great composer; and of the committee in this country the President is Sir George Smart, the Vice-President Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Charles Klingemann Hon. Sec., and Mr. Henry F. Broadwood Treasurer.—On Tuesday last the general meeting of the members of the London Art Union was held at the Haymarket Theatre. From the report it appears that the subscriptions of the present year amount to 13,218*l.*, and that 9000*l.* has already been laid out at the three exhibitions of oil-painting now open. After the reading of the report the distribution of the prizes commenced, and the tickets were drawn from the wheel by two young ladies. A list of the fortunate prizeholders has been published in the daily papers.

### MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

The second sale of the ruins of Covent-garden Theatre may almost be classed as a musical, and certainly as a dramatic event. On Tuesday the remaining property was disposed of by Messrs. Eversfield and Horn, auctioneers. The scene was one of considerable animation, and numerous groups were to be

seen searching for any article worth taking away. The materials disposed of included several millions of bricks, the Portland stone ashlar, the Portland stone portico in Bow-street, paving and kerb, iron railings and gates, doors, sashes, woodwork, &c. The Portland stone portico, with four large fluted Doric columns and pilasters, sold at 25*l.*, the cost of such an erection being at least 500*l.*—St. James's Theatre was lately put up for sale by Messrs. Robins. The auctioneer stated that the ground cost Mr. Bramham 800*l.*, and that he had expended upwards of 50,000*l.* on the property. The first bid offered was 10,000*l.*; the bidders then went slowly on till they reached 16,500*l.*, when Mr. Robins stated that the mortgagee had put on a reserve of 19,900*l.*, and 100*l.* more would effect a sale. As no person present went beyond the 16,500*l.*, the property was bought in.—It is stated that Madame Ristori astonished her audience at Vienna by acting an amusing scene. The little comedy was entitled *Cio che piace alla prima attrice* (that which is most agreeable to the principal actress). A lively conversation was carried on by Madame Ristori from the stage with different friends scattered through the pit, who in their turn conversed with other friends placed in the boxes, who again addressed the actress on the stage. Madame Ristori talked easily, declaimed from the *Maid of Orleans*, told anecdotes of her early career, and, after half an hour of the most complete and natural acting, and the brightest and most brilliant conversation, closed the piece by saying that the power of keeping the attention of the public chained so long, this it was *che piace alla prima attrice*. We adopt this statement as we find it, but cannot help thinking that it is unworthy of the genius of Madame Ristori that she should have recourse to such arts.—Monsieur Vieuxtempa, the celebrated violin player, has been presented with the Sardinian order of knighthood of the cross of Maurice and Lazarus.—Mr. Mitchell will shortly open the St. James's Theatre with some of M. Offenbach's Lilliputian singers from "Les Bouffes Parisiens." The entertainment will doubtless be very popular, belonging, as it does, to that class of innocent and elegant amusements of which Mrs. German Reed's "Gallery of Illustration" and Mr. and Mrs. Drayton's "Illustrated Proverbs" are the best samples in this country.—We are glad to hear that the concert given at Exeter Hall on Wednesday night for the benefit of the family of the late Mr. Leffler was entirely satisfactory in its results. Not only did the public respond to the appeal, but the brother and sister artists of the departed singer came forward very nobly, assisting in every way, not only by their voices, but by their purses also. Did we not know that true charity is always unobtrusive, we could make honourable mention of one lady artist whose conduct upon the occasion has been truly noble. It is expected that the net results of the concert will be something between four and five hundred pounds.

### LITERARY NEWS.

The old Reading-room of the British Museum was closed on the 30th ult., and the new room is to be opened by the Prince Consort on Saturday. For some days previous to the closing of the old rooms the books of reference had been removed from the walls and transferred into the new building. After the opening of the new room it will be free to the general public until the 16th, after which it will be devoted exclusively to the use of students. In order to avoid difficulty, those persons who have hitherto been in the habit of using the library of the British Museum are requested to renew their tickets of admission, which they may do upon application to the officials.—A provincial contemporary states that "the *Times* has sent as special correspondent to China the gentleman who recently wrote the series of letters from Algeria.—The anniversary dinner of the "Printers' Pension Society" is announced for the 22nd of May, under the presidency of the Duke of Wellington, who will be supported by the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, and other distinguished guests. Among the stewards are the names of J. A. D. Cox, Esq., hon. sec. to the Association of Master Printers, and Charles Wyman, Esq.—Mr. Payne Collier, the eminent Shaksperian, is to preside at the Shakspeare Club dinner, to be held at Stratford.—The Booksellers' Provident Fund, by its last report, gives proof of the prudent care with which its funds are managed. During the year relief has been granted to the amount of 911*l.* 8*s.*, at a cost of 8*s.* odd.—News from Paris states that M. Guizot is to receive from Messrs. Michel Levy Frères, for his *Memoirs*, no less a sum than 4000*l.*

The *Literary Gazette* announces that Mr. William Chambers, the well-known publisher, has purchased the old mansion in Peebles, formerly belonging to the Earls of Tweeddale, for the purposes of fitting it up as a public reading-room, lecture-hall, museum, and gallery of art, to be presented as a gift to his native town.—It is stated that Dr. Livingston, after he has completed his book of travel, which is expected to appear about the middle of May, intends to pay a visit to Scotland.—A new Treasury warrant, to take effect from the 1st of May, repeals the

regulations of 14th August 1856, and appoints the following tariff of postage for packets consisting of books, publications, or works of literature and art, passing within the United Kingdom. For every packet not exceeding 4*oz.* in weight, 1*d.*; from 4*oz.* to 8*oz.*, 2*d.*; from 8*oz.* to 1lb., 4*d.*; from 1lb. to 1*lb. 6d.*; and if exceeding 1*lb. 6d.* to 2*lb. 8d.*; with 2*d.* additional for every *lb.* above the weight of 2*lb.*; fractional parts charged as *lb.* No such packet may exceed in length, depth, or width the dimensions of two feet.—The Rev. William Lee, D.D., Fellow of Trinity College, and author of "Lectures on the Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures," has been elected to the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History in Dublin University, vacated by the promotion of Dr. Fitzgerald to the see of Cork.—Book collectors in Germany are looking forward with interest to a collection which is shortly to be dispersed by the auctioneer—that of the late Professor Von der Hagen. It is particularly rich in rare works illustrative of the early periods of German literature, and contains some specimens of exceeding value.

### DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Signor Giuglini—Madame Spezzia—Operas produced.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Operas produced. The operatic establishments are the only ones that have shown any activity in the way of novelty during the past fortnight; but they have been both abundant and various in their changes. At Her Majesty's Theatre, the new tenor, Giuglini, has made a deep and real sensation, and takes rank as a singer of the very first order. His voice is rich, full, and clear, reaching (as the musicians say) to *A* above the line. His singing is in perfect taste, and even the falsetto notes perfectly under command. In his acting he is perhaps rather deficient, being somewhat cold and unimpassioned; but this is a fault so common to the operatic stage that, until Madame Viardot and the Piccolomini reminded people that good acting was possible in an opera, no one ever thought of bringing it as a grave charge against a singer that he could not act. Madame Spezzia, who made her *début* as Leonora in *La Favorita*, has also achieved a decided success. Her voice is a good mezzo-soprano and her acting effective. On the first night of her appearance, the impression which she created was not so vivid as that which she afterwards made. Mademoiselle Ramos and Signor Vialetti, two other new comers, are also welcome as efficient additions to Mr. Lumley's company. The productions at Her Majesty's Theatre since the opening have been *La Favorita*, *I Puritani*, and *La Traviata*, in which Mlle. Piccolomini has made her reappearance, and has apparently grown in favour with the public. Her Majesty's theatre is now attended by numerous and aristocratic audiences.

The doings at the Lyceum are soon recorded. *I Puritani*, *Maria di Rohan*, and *Il Trovatore*, with Madame Grisi and Signori Gardoni, Graziani, and Tagliacchio in the first; Madame Rosa Devries, Ronconi, Neri Baraldi, and Mlle. Didié in the second; and Mario, Grisi, Mlle. Didié, and Graziani in the third. The execution of these operas has been admirable, Mario is in splendid voice, and the admirers of Grisi enthusiastically declare that she never was more admirable; yet, hitherto, the elegant little house to which Mr. Gye has been driven for a temporary refuge has not been so well attended as I should always desire to see.

JACQUES.

### OBITUARY.

TEGORBORSKI, M. DE, a member of the Council of the Russian Empire, and a statistician and political economist of great celebrity (whose work on the Russian Empire has lately been published in this country), died at St. Petersburg on the 11th ult.

DUSILLE, M., the intimate friend of Crivier, and the author of a volume of poems, has lately died in Franche Comté, at the advanced age of 88.

STEVENS, Rev. William, D.D., at Edinburgh, formerly House-Governor of Heriot's Hospital in that city, of which institution he wrote a history. A work more widely interesting is his "History of the High School of Edinburgh," containing the annals of this most celebrated school of the North, from its earliest foundation down to its removal to its present site. In earlier life Dr. Steven was minister of the Scottish Church at Rotterdam, and during his residence in Holland he devoted much attention to historical studies in connexion with the times of the Reformation.

### BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Ahn's Remodelled German Grammar, by Melsauer, 12mo. 3s. 6d. Autobiography of a Phenologist, edit. by Goyder, fcp. 8vo. 9s. 6d. Bell's Reporter's Manual, sq. 2s. 6d. sqd. Beste's Alcazar, or the Dark Ages, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. Beste's Large-Print Paragraph, 1st and 2nd Samuel, 2s. 6d.; Jeremiah, 1s. 6d. 12mo. Bremont's *Contemplation*, 2s. 6d. John, 1s. 6d. 12mo. Brough's *Writings*, Vol. 1, post 8vo. 12s. 6d. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, with Life, Ulster, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl. Burke's *Dictionary of the Landed Gentry*, Part III., royal 8vo. 10s. 6d. Burrow's *Parochial Sermons*, fcp. 8vo. 6s. cl. Calvin's Letters Compiled, with Notes by Bonnet, Vol. II. 10s. 6d. Campbell's *Sampson's Riddle*, or Who is Jezabel? post 8vo. 6s. cl. Campbell's *Pleasures of Home*, post 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl. Champney's *Family Prayers for a Fortnight*, fcp. 8vo. 1s. cl. Christian Treasury, 1856, royal 8vo. 5s. cl.



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